

CUMBERLAND'S
No. 113 MINOR THEATRE. Pr. 6d.
 BEING A COMPANION TO
Cumberland's British Theatre.

The Battle of Sedgemoor:

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

By **GEORGE ALMAR Esq.**

Author of *Pedler's Acre*, *Cedar Chest*, *File Raiser*,
Charcoal Burner, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

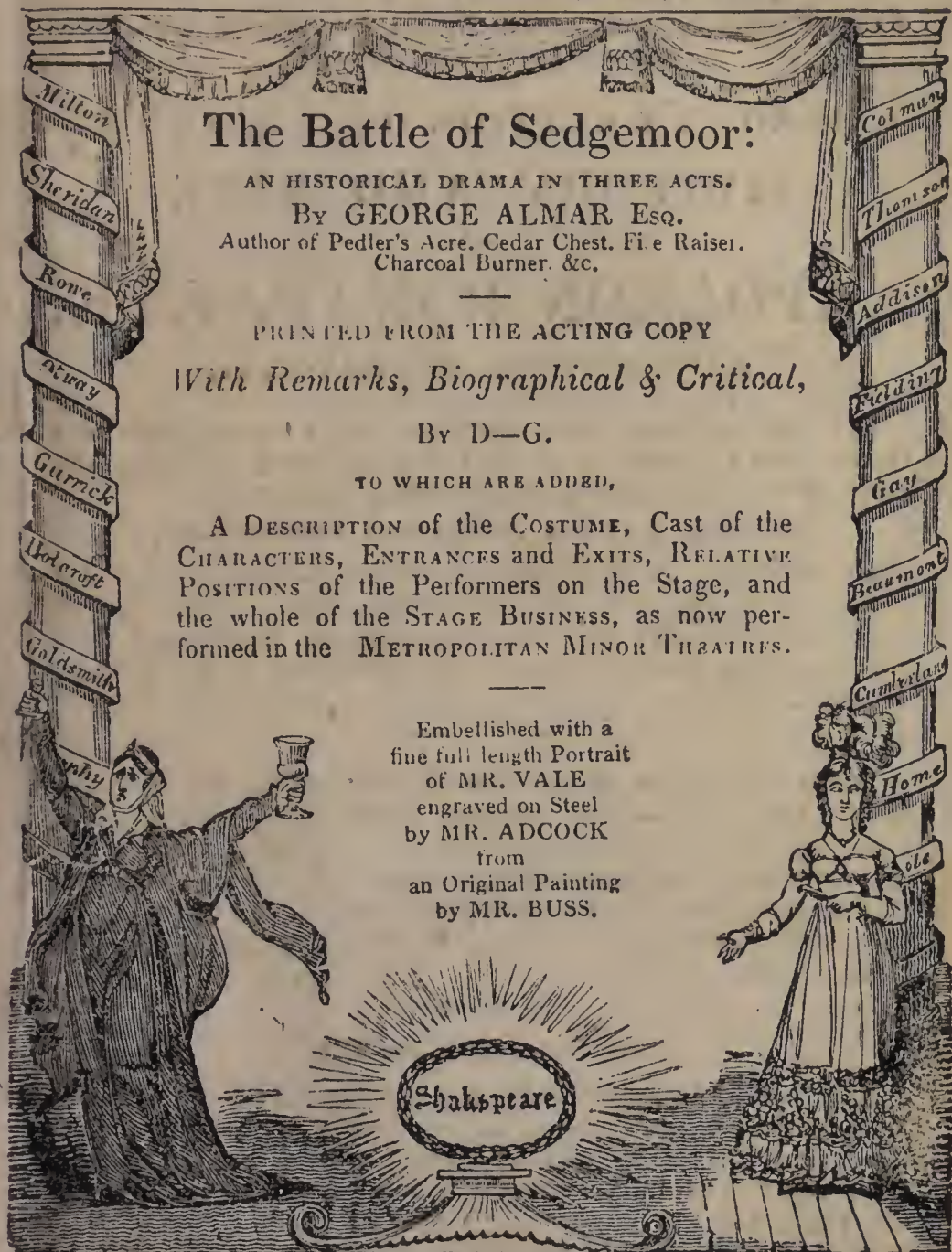
With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A DESCRIPTION of the COSTUME, Cast of the
 CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES and EXITS, RELATIVE
 POSITIONS of the Performers on the Stage, and
 the whole of the STAGE BUSINESS, as now per-
 formed in the METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

Embellished with a
 fine full length Portrait
 of **MR. VALE**
 engraved on Steel
 by **MR. ADCOCK**
 from
 an Original Painting
 by **MR. BUSS.**



JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE, CAMDEN NEW TOWN LONDON:—Pigor and Co., 59, Fleet Street, and 55, Fountain Street, Manchester; T. HURST, 65, St. Paul's Church Yard; B. Steill; Sherwood and Co.; Longman, and Co., Paternoster-row; Wiseheart, Dublin; Sutherland, Edinburgh; Turner and Fisher, New York and Philadelphia; Phelan, New York; Lance, Paris; Campbell, Hambro'.
GEORGE BERGER, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND.

A RE-ISSUE, IN WEEKLY NUMBERS,

*Price Threepence each, or the Numbers containing the Plates,
Coloured, price Sixpence each,*

**BERGER'S EDITION OF IRELAND'S
HISTORY AND LIFE**

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,

LATE EMPEROR OF FRANCE, &c.

In which is detailed every Particular of his Career, both as a General and a Legislator, during the Republican, Consular, and Imperial Governments; interspersed with numerous

Anecdotes of his Public and Private Life,

From his Birth, in the Island of Corsica, to the Period of his Death, at St. Helena; including BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS of celebrated Military, Political, and Scientific Characters, who flourished from the Revolution to the termination of the Imperial Dynasty.

In the compilation of the present undertaking, the most esteemed Works have been carefully consulted, as well as every other valuable and authentic document on the subject. We have also introduced Biographical Sketches of the Principal Personages who rendered themselves conspicuous during the progress of the French Revolution, the Republic, the Consular, and the Imperial Governments.

Embellishments in the Work.

Highly-finished Quarto Plates will progressively accompany our Numbers, representing the principal Battles of Napoleon, from the original, accurate, and masterly designs of Vernet, Denon, &c.; together with other interesting subjects. The execution of the Plates being confided to the spirited *burin* of Mr. George Cruikshank, whose acknowledged celebrity as an artist cannot fail to ensure them a favourable reception with the Public.

LONDON: GEORGE BERGER, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND.

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
WARWICK
LIBRARY

The Gift of
Mrs G. F. Hall





Painted by Buſs

Eng.^d by J. M.

MR WALKER IN TIMOTHY'S TROOP.

Published July 25th 1857 by John Cumberland, 2, Cumberland Terrace, Strand, W.C.

THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR;

OR, THE DAYS OF KIRK AND MONMOUTH:

A HISTORICAL DRAMA,

In Three Acts,

BY GEORGE ALMAR, ESQ.

*Author of The Charcoal Burner, The Tower of Nesle, The Cedar Chest,
Robber of the Rhine, Clerk of Clerkenwell, Fire Raiser, The Shadow,
Pedlar's Acre, The Good-Looking Fellow, Don Quixote,
The Rover's Bride, Lucrece Borgia, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As performed at the
METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. VALE,
IN THE CHARACTER OF TIMOTHEUS TROMBONE,
Engraved on Steel by Mr. ADCOCK, from an original Painting by
Mr. BUSS.

LONDON:

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.



REMARKS.

The Battle of Sedgemoor.

THE natural offspring of kings are placed in a false and dangerous position. To have sprung from a royal and illegitimate stock is but a left-handed distinction; which, when excited by ambition, and aided by unsettled times, either crowns the head with a diadem, or lays it upon the block.

James, Duke of Monmouth, is an example to what fatal results restless ambition and moderate talents lead their possessor. Created, unwisely, (for royal illegitimates should never aspire to be more than private ladies and gentlemen), of the highest order of nobility; treated with indulgence by an affectionate father; and united to a lady of exalted rank and large possessions, he sacrificed his domestic happiness and filial duty to the blind fury of a faction, and, by a systematic course of violence and disobedience, proved he was as little deserving of the name of son as patriot. Aspiring to the command of the army, seeking the banishment of his uncle, the Duke of York, and caballing (in the event of the king's death) for the crown, he involved himself in plots against the government and the succession; became the tool of a party, with wolfish appetites and rows of well-sharpened teeth, who spared neither false-swearing, treason, nor blood, to compass their designs—a party that urged their too-credulous puppet to establish a hydra-headed, thousand-fisted government; to parade the kingdom in open defiance of his father and sovereign; to intrude upon him a petition insulting to his honour and dignity—a party that violated the sanctity of the judgment-seat, and by the horrible, not to say ridiculous, perjuries, (ridiculous from their monstrous incredibility) brought the venerable, the guiltless, the pious Lord Strafford to the block.

The peaceful succession of James to the throne, the amelioration of bitter party-spirit, the prospect of national repose, and a better understanding between prince and people, were suddenly interrupted by Monmouth's invasion. This rash adventurer arrived in the west with three ships from Holland, where he had lived for some time in a sort of honourable banishment during the late reign. On his landing at Lime, in Dorsetshire, he scarcely numbered a hundred followers;—these, however, soon increased to above two thousand horse and foot, of the very tag-rag and bob-tail of the multitude.—His public address was full of loose-tongued, ill-conditioned ribaldry, and well calculated for the meridian of vulgar prejudice. He proclaimed the Duke of York a traitor, tyrant, assassin, and popish usurper; accused him of firing London, murdering Godfrey and

Essex, poisoning his brother King Charles, and called upon the nation to put down this royal monster !

But the citizens, who had promised him a patriotic insurrection—the Brummagem Solons of the Common Council—the reverend bugbears of the “drum ecclesiastic” and farthing-rushlight calibre,—too illiterate to conjugate a Greek verb, or trace a Hebrew root, but mischievous enough to excite the feverish rage of an infatuated rabble ;—this commodity of warm slaves were either too treacherous or too cowardly to rise on the occasion ; the nobility kept aloof from his cause ; Argyle, his confederate, was conquered and taken prisoner ; and Monmouth discovered too late that he had been deceived into a hopeless enterprise. The battle of Sedgemoor followed, which his own misconduct and the cowardice of Gray, notwithstanding the devoted ardour and bravery of his miscellaneous followers, turned into a defeat. He fled from the disgraceful scene, exchanged clothes with a peasant, and, after enduring the extremity of fatigue and hunger, was at last discovered lying in the bottom of a ditch, and covered with fern, with only a few raw peas in his pocket. Neither the most passionate entreaties, nor the most abject submission, could move the stern temper of James, who, it must be confessed, (though it says little for his magnanimity) had been provoked to inflexibility ; for Monmouth, in addition to a series of wanton persecutions, had been one of the prime movers of the Bill of Exclusion. The people’s idol mounted the scaffold with serenity and firmness ; and after many blows, (for the executioner lost his self-possession, and threw down the axe, after striking him repeatedly) his head was severed from his body.

This defeat of the rebels filled the west of England with cruel executions. The chief actors in these atrocities were Judge Jefferies, of whom too much in condemnation can hardly be spoken, and Colonel Kirk, who hunted out, with the scent of a bloodhound, a vicarious sacrifice to his vague hatred and wild revenge, and inflicted agony, and dealt out murder, with a mingled sense of duty and enjoyment, as if Paradise was to be won by the extermination of his enemies.

Of this military barbarian two stories are told, that make us blush and shudder to be called men. The first is, that, on his march of terror into Bridgewater, having ordered a certain number of prisoners to be hanged up in sport, while he and his “*Lumbs*” (a cant name that the facetious monster gave to his savage soldiery !) drank health to Judge Jefferies and the king, and observing their feet to quiver in the agonies of death, he ordered the drums to beat and the trumpets to sound, to give them music to their dancing ! The second is even of a more deliberate and horrible cast ; we have no term by which to characterise it ;—we only marvel that the fires of heaven did not in instant, just, and terrible retribution, strike and consume the body, as would the flames of hell most assuredly torment the soul, of this inhuman ruffian.

“A young maid pleaded for the life of her brother, and flung herself at Kirk’s feet, armed with all the charms which beauty and innocence, bathed in tears, could bestow upon her. The tyrant was inflamed with desire, not softened into love or clemency. He promised to grant her request, provided that she, in her turn, would be equally compliant to him. The maid yielded to the conditions; but, after she had passed the night with him, the wanton savage next morning showed her, from the window, her brother, the darling object for whom she had sacrificed her virtue, hanging on a gibbet, which he had secretly ordered to be there erected for the execution. Rage, and despair, and indignation, took possession of her mind, and deprived her for ever of her senses.”

Mr. Almar has very properly softened down the atrocities of Kirk’s character, and mitigated the darker shades of his revolting history. He has, in a certain degree, humanised the monster, by giving him a motive for action—not the mere gratuitous love of cruelty, but revenge, for having himself been the victim of man’s persecution, and the dupe of woman’s frailty. He has also made punishment overtake his crimes, and its instrument, the brother of an early victim of his villainy. The lady whom he last intended to deceive into a sham marriage by a mock priest, is discovered in the sequel to be lawfully wedded to him by a real one; and her brother, for whom she fondly makes this great sacrifice, escapes from the fangs of Kirk, who, with his dying breath, bestows plenteous curses, like a shower of sky-rockets, on the whole party for having so cleverly circumvented him. They are the last howls (as Swift said of Wood, the brass-farthing man) of a dog dissected alive.

The comic characters are Timotheus Trombone, chief of the Grand Military Brass Band of the united parishes of Hollowhead and Hogs-Norton, and his man Caleb, the clarionet blower. Tim having run away after the battle of Sedgemoor, is reported to be killed, but becomes alive and merry in good time to provoke considerable mirth. His widow is about to be married to Caleb, whose clarionet bids fair to supersede Timotheus’s trombone, when he of the brass band appearing before the bridegroom elect in woman’s attire, in which he had rigged himself at his toilet in the tub, the affections of Caleb are suddenly divided between the little widow and the lanky spinster.—This sets the ladies at loggerheads, when a pardon arriving for Timothy from the king, the trombonist is seized with such a transport of joy, that he capers out the secret of his gown and petticoat, and rescues Mrs. T. from the peril of bigamy.

Mr. Vale played Timotheus with that spirit of broad farce which has made him so popular at the Minors. His Brass Instrument and Himself, Mr. Buss has depicted with his usual felicity.



D.—G.

MEMOIR OF MR. VALE.

MR. VALE was born on the 3d of October, 1797, in Fleet Street, where his father carried on business as a respectable hardwareman, and flourished, on state occasions, as deputy of the ward. The deputy being a determined play-goer—the deputy's wife, too, having written a comedy, and very nearly made an amateur debut at Bath, it is no wonder that this quiver from the old beau should inherit the family propensity. Accordingly, at the age of seventeen, we find him giving his parents the slip, and, with a wardrobe a little better than what generally falls to the lot of run-away stage-struck apprentices—(he had *two* shirts—one on, and one off!)—joining a strolling company at Leatherhead; the manager of which was christened *Black Harrison*, from a muzzle particularly sable,

“That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose.”

He made his first professional bow in a hay-loft; the character was Realise, in *The Will*; and he realised a crown! One of the Gosport stars in old Thornton's troop having had an attack (*not* rheumatic!) on the shoulder, a long part in *The Fisherman of Bagdad* was undertaken at a short notice by our probationer. The result was considerable applause, and an engagement of fifteen shillings a week, to play at Black Harrison's newly-erected theatre in the Isle of Wight, and at Gosport, alternately. In the latter place, the curtain had just been drawn up—the play was *The Mountaineers*; and the facetious Paddy Ward and himself stood before six tallow-candles, as Kilmarnock and Violet. In a pit, very thin, squatted a fat old gentleman, with a bald head and a brandy nose, striving hard to veil his rosy physiognomy with a cream-coloured Bandana, through which that fiery member, his proboscis, threatened every moment to burn a hole. 'Twas the stray Deputy, who had waddled thither on a wild goose chase after his itinerant son!

Down dropped his dramatic shovel on the boards, and off scampered Violet, when the unexpected vision burst upon his sight! — The parties met at the trap (stage!) door of the hay-loft. The delighted Deputy, having found the fugitive, resolved to have his money's worth of fun. He hurried Master Violet back to his quarters to mouth his part “for that night only;” giving him at frequent intervals, by way of refresher, a liberal portion of goose without the apple-sauce:—while sundry pugilistic encounters and friendly buffettings good-naturedly absorbed the critical faculties of the audience, until the more popular demonstrations of red and blue flame, and other indications of a fate rather more warm than agreeable, proclaimed a melodrama got up “for the nonce,” and brought them to that blissful state of quiescent meditation, which in the present day attends the sedate mental reflections and devout exercises of Jim Crow! A rally on his forlorn condition followed, during which the old gentleman rubbed the salt into the raw with infinitely more fidelity than tenderness. His body (for his bones were picked as bare as the ribs of a fossil megatherion!) was in the Reduced—his face in

Long Annuities—his two dickies (a pea-soup tinted bit of shirt collar was struggling into light!) were consolidated into one—his hat, coat, waistcoat, and breeches, had dwindled into three and a halves—his purse (a footless stocking without a leg!) was nothing—his Omnium betrayed the leanness of his scrip, and was, as his round-bellied dad remarked, much below par! He could not say, like the poor boy, who, when asked what he did for a living, replied, “I eats cold wittles!” Breakfast, dinner, etcetera, etcetera, were to him almost forgotten things.

A plentiful supper concluded the evening’s entertainments; and the next morning young Vale cut one stage and mounted another; being sent back to business with a flea in his ear, with strict injunctions to stick a pen behind it for the future.

His next new part was cash and order collector to an aunt near Stamford. For this service he was provided with a gallant steed, which, having been a hunter in his youth, carried him, not after the old lady’s customers, but Lord Lonsdale’s fox-hounds. Instead (like a theatrical manager) of having a house full of orders, he brought home neither orders nor cash! The upshot of this was, the speedy discharge of horse and rider; and our mercantile Johnny Gilpin, by an easy and quick transition, was again in the midst of hardware and Fleet Street.

The stage, and nothing but the stage, was now to be his portion. He, once for all, again enlisted under the banners of Thespis, and shared the vicissitudes of cloud and sunshine that mark the progress of that mutable manager. To follow him over the hedges, ditches, and five-barred gates—through the briars and thorns of his eccentric tour; from his Somersetshire barn to the Exeter Theatre Royal, where he enjoyed the high honour and gratification of dressing in the same room where Edmund Kean a short time before inscribed his renowned autograph on the ceiling, with the smoke of a candle!—to trace him through the innumerable turns and windings of his ubiquitous career, till he figured away at the Olympic, and found in a respectable, clever young actress, (Miss Johnstone) a worthy help-mate for life;—to greet him at Sadler’s Wells, the Victoria, the Surrey, till he fairly established his metropolitan fame, on the 19th of October, 1835, at Covent Garden, as the First Gravedigger in Hamlet, and Karl in ‘The Miller and his Men; to chronicle his comic characters, patter songs, (“The Good Old Days of Adam and Eve,” which he calculates having chanted not less than two thousand times!—“Solomon Lob,” a stave no less popular, in his celebrated part of Master John Horner, in The Fire Raiser)—to describe his odd gestures and looks, and say all the good things we could say of him, would lead us far beyond our biographical limits. As we cannot therefore *give* him a long life, we heartily *wish* him one!



D.—G.

Cast of the Characters,

As performed at the Royal Pavilion Theatre, February, 1837.

<i>Duke of Monmouth</i>		Mr. Bradshaw.
<i>General Feversham</i>		Mr. Thompson.
<i>Colonel Kirk</i>		Mr. Green.
<i>Moody Mat (his Provost Marshal)</i>		Mr. Heslop.
<i>Colonel Fletcher</i>		Mr. Wilson.
<i>Arthur Fullarton</i>		Mr. Laws.
<i>Timotheus Trombone (Leader of the Band of the towns of Hollowhead and Hogs-Norton)</i>	}	Mr. Vale.
<i>Caleb (a Cow-boy, first Clarionet, and Pupil of Timotheus)</i>		Mr. Peddie.
<i>Andrews</i>		Mr. Munyard.
<i>Oliver Addleplate</i>		Mr. Biddell.
<i>Sampson</i>		Mr. Shoard.
<i>Crispin</i>		Mr. Ede.
<i>Aquila</i>		Mrs. Selby.
<i>Lady Kingsly</i>		Mrs. Danson.
<i>Tabitha Trombone</i>		Miss Cooper.
<i>Goody Grey</i>		Mrs. Gaskell.

Officers, Soldiers, Ladies, Servants, Retainers, &c.

Costume.

DUKE OF MONMOUTH.—Crimson velvet doublet—steel cuirass—white scarf—steinkirk cravat, richly figured—buff hat, with white feathers—gauntlets—military jack-boots and spurs—truncheon.

GENERAL FEVERSHAM.—Dark green velvet doublet—steel cuirass—red scarf—black velvet hat, with red feathers—gauntlets—boots and spurs.

COLONEL KIRK.—Scarlet doublet and trunks—steel cuirass—steinkirk cravat—red hat, with black feather—gauntlets—jack-boots, and spurs.

MOODY MAT.—Scarlet doublet and trunks—steel cuirass—trooper's helmet and sword—jack-boots, and spurs.

COLONEL FLETCHER.—Similar dress to that of Colonel Kirk.

ARTHUR FULLARTON.—Orange-coloured doublet and trunks, richly trimmed with gold lace—white hat and plume—steinkirk cravat—russet boots, trimmed with laces of the period.

TIMOTHEUS TROMBONE.—*First dress:* Scarlet doublet and trunks, trimmed with yellow binding—large knee-strings—large white cravat—blue stockings—russet boots—high military cap. *Second dress:* Coloured cotton gown, and cap with ribbons.

CALEB.—Smock frock—blue stockings—hob-nailed shoes—round hat.

ANDREWS and PEASANTS.—Slate coloured tunics—caps—trunks—russet shoes.

SAMPSON.—Same as Moody Mat.

AQUILA.—*First dress:* White satin—train and stomacher, richly trimmed. *Second dress:* White blond, richly trimmed with satin and flowers.

LADY KINGSLY.—Amber-coloured boddice and petticoat, richly trimmed with gold—green train—head-dress, tiara of diamonds.

TABITHA TROMBONE.—Black boddice, trimmed with white points—yellow skirt, with black points—blue steeple-crowned hat.

THE BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Uncultivated Land in the neighbourhood of Sedgemoor—a Park and an ancient Mansion in the distance.—Moonlight—the landscape is covered with snow. Time, Christmas.*

SYMPHONY. — *Enter ANDREWS, GOODY GREY, Tillers, Retainers, &c., L. U. E.*

CAROL.

Old Christmas comes but once a year,—
Onward to the hall, sirs ;
The night is drear, but never fear
Good welcome at the hall, sirs.
Brown October will we quaff,
And right merrily, too, we'll laugh ;
So on let us go,
Through frost and through snow,
Forward to the hall, sirs !

SOLO.—GOODY GREY.

Goody Grey is a wearied crone,
And age on her shoulders sits weighty ;
But kiss her beneath the mistletoe bough,
And she'll soon confess she is eighty.
Thus, if this be a truth, and a truth it appears,
Love and Time go together for full forty years.
So attend to this legend—ye lasses, I mean :
If at eighty love's sweet, what is't at nineteen ?

Carol. [Repeated.] Old Christmas comes, &c.

And. Kiss Goody Grey ! — Say, who will be man enough this merry Christmas to put lip to the old lady under the mistletoe ?

Goody. Not thee, thou mooncalf and loggerhead ! Did not these aged arms, when an infant, cradle young Arthur Fullarton ? and was I not also nurse to the Lady Aquila, his sister ? Truly so ; and a sweeter babe than she never cried out for its caudle. Ah ! the good old times and the golden days that are gone by for me, when politics and religion did not dissever friendship ! Well, they are past

away, and the world, to my old eyes, seems to become more wicked as it grows wiser. Come nearer, for I have something to tell ye. Folks prate that the Duke of Monmouth is coming to dispute the throne with James, our present king, and stir us up to rebellion.

And. And if he do, I for one shall be glad of it. So, up cap for Monmouth!

[*They shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Goody. Hush, if ye value your lives! Treason, which never prospers——

And. No!

——— “And what’s the reason?”

Why, when it prospers, none dare call it treason!”

Goody. Booby, you’ll bring you head to the block!

And. Maybe; and then there will be two blocks together. However, I lose both temper and patience in this matter;—we are harried and worried by the spies of government. Harken! There’s a certain Colonel ’camped about twenty miles distant, called Kirk, who, ’tis said, amuses himself by mingling in disguise with our people. But the watcher may be watched, and a carbine shot——

Goody. Enough!—I long for a cup of the spiced ale, and a nook in the chimney-corner. Consider, we are to keep Christmas in the servants’ hall of our good master Fullarton;—a sad night seems to be coming on, so be merry, and strike up the carol.

[*Music.—Exeunt, R., singing the Carol, which dies away in the distance—a pause—a distant “Hilliho!” is heard.*]

Enter a STRANGER, L. U. E., in a riding mantle, wounded and fatigued—snow falls rapidly.

Str. I can proceed no further;—the night grows denser, and the flakes of snow more thickly fall. I have been waylaid—wounded, and no doubt by some disaffected partisan to the present government. The wind blows shrilly o’er the moors in sudden gusts; my mantle ill defends me from the cold—my limbs refuse their office. Oh! but for one flask of that noble wine, whose casks, so useless to their master now, crowd up his ample cellars! Spirit and steps, bear up, or this sinking form will give food to the night-prowling wolf, or the carrion crow! [*Distant music heard.*] Music and merriment!—Help so near, and yet not near enough to aid me! Hilli—I cannot call! I chill! sleep overpowers me, and I perish!

[He sinks upon the snow, endeavouring to cover himself with his mantle.]

Enter TIMOTHEUS TROMBONE, L., playing lustily on an instrument of that denomination, followed by CALEB, the Cow-Boy, blowing the clarionet.—Air, “A Flaxen-Headed Cow-Boy.”

Tim. You are quite out of tune. Sound G, Caleb.—*[They attune.]* That’s better, but still not well enough for the grand military band of the united parishes of Hollowhead and Hogs-Norton. Consider, we are the Waits—the Christmas Waits; and the only persons who are licensed to wake up and annoy their neighbours at two o’clock in the morning, and afterwards call upon them to pay for the inconvenience.

Cal. Our band bean’t very numerous, measter?

Tim. Truly, it is not, but it is very noisy; so strike up, Caleb. Observe your tone, time, and execution; and mind, that when I am figuring away in the key of X, don’t you be flourishing off in the key of W. Well, Caleb, why don’t you perform?—What are you stopping for?

Cal. To blow my fingers, measter.

Tim. Psha!—Play away, and put your fingers into your pocket. Consider, we are the Waits.

Cal. I do, and that’s the reason I stopped.

Tim. You are a fool, Caleb.

Cal. Ees, zoa they do zay—the greatest in all the parish, when you are out of it.

Tim. Umph!—Count four when you come to a semi-breve; there’s several bars’ rest for my dignity. You are a stupid flat!

Cal. And you are an—A natural!

Tim. How often shall I have to blush for your ignorance?

Cal. Just as often as you loike, measter.

Tim. Do you recollect who I am?

Cal. You be singing measter, and teacher of the Trombone, to the united parishes of Hollowhead and Hogs-Norton.

Tim. Right; and here is my card, specifying terms and conditions: young ladies instructed how to blow the bassoon, trombone, and violincello.

Cal. And I be Caleb, formerly cow-boy to Sir Whirlygig Fuddle, and now put ’prentice to you by the united parishes of Hollowhead and Hogs-Norton, to be larnt the trade of a musicianer.

Tim. Together constituting a most powerful duetto, better known under the appellation of the Original Brass-Band of Music.

Cal. But we bean't such a full band, measter!

Tim. No; but as we are going to give the servants at the hall yonder our professional assistance in their Christmas sports, if we are not a full band before supper, we will take care to be so before it is over. So strike up, and let us be going;—sound your G, Caleb—tune, “Drops o' Brandy, O!”

Cal. Aye; and I wish they were here quite handy, O!

Tim. Sound, Caleb! [*They sound—a low groan is heard from the snow-drift.*] Bless us! while we were tuning our instruments in the key of G, somebody sounded their instrument in the key of O! [*Groaning heard again.*] O lud! what's that?

Cal. You tremble, measter.

Tim. No; 'tis only my Trombone performing a quiver. [*Groaning again.*] I don't wish it to be generally known, but I feel frightened.

Cal. Dost think it be the devil, measter?

Tim. No: he's keeping his Christmas below; he would never come out of his nice, warm, comfortable home, on such a cold night as this; it would give him the chilblains, poor fellow!

Cal. Do you know, I take it to be a hobblegobling.

Tim. Speak to it, Caleb!

Cal. I'se so woundidly frightened, I don't think I be able. What shall I say?

Tim. What you like best.

Cal. What I loike best!—Oh, that be beans and bacon. I'll ax the ghost if it be fond on't.

Tim. No, that will never do; for if the ghost were, it would be ashamed it should be generally known. No!—I'll speak to it myself—why should I fear? I never murdered anything in all my life but music. “Glorious Apollo,” and all you guardian genii who watch over brazen instruments and the virtuous, inspire and look down upon me! If—if—if you are a dead man, say so at once, and come to a confession!

Stranger. [*Faintly, under the snow.*] Help!

Cal. [*Approaching the Stranger.*] Why, 'tis some poor traveller nearly frozen to death, and no hobblegoblin, measter. [*Raising him.*] How cold he be! quite frozen, I declare. How shall we thaw him?

Tim. Suppose we leave him here till the sun comes out in the summer time.

Str. Where am I?

Tim. About three miles from Sedgemoor, and two from Taunton.

Str. Into whose hands have I fallen?

Tim. Into nobody's: you've tumbled into the snow.

Cal. If it bean't too bold a question, may I ax your name?

Str. My name at present must be a secret.

Tim. You hear—he doesn't wish it to be generally known.

Cal. You bean't one of those rascally spies that Colonel Kirk sends about, to worm the secrets out of poor people, and then flog 'em afterwards?

Str. [*Offering a purse.*] Here's money for ye.

Cal. [*Taking it.*] But thee doesna answer the question.

Str. I am no more a spy than Kirk himself is at this moment. Yet I have served in the army.

Tim. [*Eagerly.*] Have you a regiment?

Str. I have, and hold my colonelcy under James the Second.

Tim. Indeed!—Then here's my card. [*Presenting one.*] I am Timotheus Trombone, and this is my man Caleb.—Now, if you should have occasion for a grand military brass band—I don't wish it to be generally known—who are not required to fight and run into mischief themselves, but to lead others into it, I and Caleb, the first clarionet player—not exactly in the world—(bow your head, Caleb!)—but in the grand military brass band of music—Why don't you bow your head, Caleb?

Cal. [*Bowing.*] I do, measter.

Tim. Now, as I before observed, should your regiment require—

Str. My regiment, friend, is disbanded.

Tim. The devil it is! [*Apart to Caleb.*] After all, he's a Colonel Nobody! Don't bob your head any more, Caleb!

Str. Still, if Monmouth, whom we are told is now hovering about the coast, should land, why, then—

Tim. Then you will require a band of music?

Str. I shall.

Tim. Then—Bob your head again, Caleb!

Str. Conduct me to some hospitable roof, and my purse shall be yours, even to emptiness.

Cal. And the money in it?

Str. Even so.

Tim. You shall go with us to Fullarton House yonder.

Str. Fullarton House !—Is there not a Miss Fullarton ?

Cal. To be zure there be.

Str. Named Aquila, from her eagle eye ?

Tim. The same.

Str. [*Aside.*] This is the prey I seek !

Tim. Have you ever seen her ?

Str. In public only ; we are strangers, and have never yet exchanged a word. Should it be the same I mean—she is handsome ?

Tim. She is.

Str. What may be her style of beauty ?

Tim. Exactly like myself in the upper part of the face.

Cal. And exactly loike me in the lower.

Str. [*Aside.*] Now, should this Aquila be her I seek, as far as I can love, I love her. [*Aloud.*] Her father in politics was a Whig—was he not ?

Tim. I don't think he wished it to be generally known, but he wore one. Now, sir, what say you about the brass band ? Suppose we give you a specimen of our skill as we march along.

Str. Do so.

Tim. Something grand, martial, malicious, and sanguinary, of course, you would like ?

Str. I should.

Tim. Then strike up, Caleb—" The Devil amongst the Tailors !"

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE II.—*A Picture Gallery in Fullarton House.*

Enter ARTHUR FULLARTON, AQUILA, and LADY KINGSLY, R.

Art. A dream, sister ! — By my spurs, you make me laugh !

Lady K. Possess me with the text, and, although, upon my visit here, I left my divining rod behind me, I may still be able to furnish an interpretation.

Aqu. Last night I thought I stood at the altar's foot with thy brother, dearest Adela, to whom I have been so long betrothed ; when, happening to look up as he took my hand in his, I beheld, instead of Henry Kingsly's frank and open features, the ghastly and malignant countenance of a stranger.

Art. What followed ?

Aqu. Methought I fainted ; and when I awoke to recollection, a ring shone on my finger, and I felt the kiss of the stranger on my brow—cold, cold as death, as he lead me forth from the village church, and called me bride.—“Bride !” I exclaimed ; “and to that loathsome man !” Still I went on. Hand clasped in hand, we sallied forth : the bells rang merrily ; brightness lit up the sky ; beauty beamed over earth ; and joy in every heart had found a home but in mine ;—when, on a sudden, the face of nature altered ; the sun, like Hymen’s torch, whose golden light had shone upon our vows, grew red as blood ; no more from the belfry came the marriage peal ; darkness and shadows had usurped the day, and all was silence, save the midnight bell, as its iron tongue tolled One ; and then——

Lady K. Come, change the theme.

Aqu. And then a gaping grave yawned at my feet, and from its depths a figure rose before me. By the glow-worm’s lamp I noted, and I knew it well. It was the face, the form of him I should have wedded—thy brother !

Art. Enough—enough !

Aqu. But a moment. “Happiness,” said the shade, “and length of years, be unto Aquila, for mine are sped ! Bliss to the bride !” Then, turning to the bridegroom, in mockery it yelled, “Husband of Aquila, thou hast mated well ! Hail, hail to thee, Kirk ! colonel of cuirasses, and bloodhound to the king !”

Art. And is this the end ?

Aqu. It is.

Art. A dream—a dreadful dream ;—but I had one last night more dreadful still.

Lady K. Ha ! what was it ?—I pr’ythee, tell us, dearest of men, what did you dream ?

Art. That my grandmother’s cat had kittened nine kittens, and that all nine of them had long black tails and white noses ! [*To Aquila.*] You marry Kirk !—Wait, I request you, till he offer——But a truce to raillery. Have you heard the rumours current in the neighbourhood relative to the arrival of Monmouth ?

Lady K. I have, but give them little credit ; for Monmouth is a convicted rebel and an impostor.

Aqu. Time will show—time and the sword ; for ’tis the sword, I grieve to say, and not the right, that regulates possession ; and Providence, I trust, will bestow the victory where most ’tis merited.

Lady K. Once more, and I have done. Supposing this lunatic duke were indeed our king, and wronged of his inheritance, as sure he is until he be helped into a halter, yet it is absolutely certain he has mistaken his time, and that all who follow him must perish without pity. [*Distant music is heard.*] But, hark! 'tis the merry music from the servants' hall;—they hold their Christmas feast to-night. Shall we join their humble revelry?

Art. Sister, go you before.

Lady K. Aquila, mark well my words: tempt not your brother to rebellion.

Art. We will talk of that anon. Your arm, lady.

[*Arthur presents his arm to Lady Kingsly, and they exeunt R., preceded by Aquila.*]

SCENE III.—*An ancient Servants' Hall in the Mansion of Fullarton, stuck round with sprigs of holly and ivy—a mistletoe bough suspended from the ceiling—a blazing fire, L. F.—folding doors, C. F.*

OLIVER ADDLEPATE discovered, blindfolded, playing at blindman's-buff with Villagers, &c.—kissing under the mistletoe, and other Christmas frolics, going forward—a drunken Fiddler sitting on a three-legged stool, R., and playing with great vehemence—a boy, with a poker for a bow, playing upon the bellows, mocking the fiddler, L.

Oli. Fair play! I've got you;—no I haven't—'tis only your wig! Oh, murder! somebody is treading upon my gouty toe!

Enter LADY KINGSLY, AQUILA, and ARTHUR FULLARTON, C. F.

Oli. [*Seizing Lady Kingsly.*] Now—now I have you! [*Pulling off the bandage, and dropping upon his knees.*] Oh, here's a business! Pardon, my lady—pardon!

Lady K. 'Tis granted; Christmas shall be your license. Continue your sports.

Oli. The dance—the dance! Come, strike up, fiddler!

Fid. I can't; somebody has been greasing my fiddlestick and stealing my rosin.

Omnes. Shame! shame!

Oli. What's to be done? I, as master of the ceremonies, am quite puzzled. [*A trombone heard without.*] The Waits! the Christmas Waits! May they come in, my lady?

Aqu. The lord of misrule to-night reigns paramount.—
Admit them. [*Oliver opens the door, c. r.*]

Enter TIMOTHEUS TROMBONE, *with a Trombone, and*
CALEB, *with a clarionet, playing, c. d. f.*

Lady K. You are welcome, friends; here's money for ye. Homer sometimes nods, they say, and so, it seems, does Orpheus—see! [*Pointing to the fiddler.*] Here's a brother musician!

Tim. He a brother!—I disown the soft tie; and I'll read him a grand moral lesson, which I do wish to be generally known. [*To the Fiddler.*] Sir, you are a disgrace to your profession, and I challenge you to say that you ever saw a member of the brass band thoroughly intoxicated when he was quite sober. But I had forgotten: we have brought a stranger with us, whom we dug out of the snow.

Art. A stranger? That name is ever welcome.

Tim. Say you so? [*Calling off, c.*] You may come in, sir. [*The servants open the door, c. f.*]

Enter the STRANGER, *c. d. f., and is received by Arthur Fullarton.*

Lady K. [*To Aquila.*] What! melancholy still? Will nothing afford you amusement?

Aqu. [*Abstractedly.*] I should know that face in my vision—almost in darkness know it.

Art. [*Introducing the Stranger.*] Sister, this stranger—

Aqu. [*Starting.*] The same I saw in my dream! Oh, horror! [*She sinks into the arms of Lady Kingsly, and is borne off, l.*]

Art. [*Aside.*] Singular!—The same she saw in her dream! [*To the Stranger.*] Sir, I demand an explanation!

Tim. Yes, sir, and I demand an explanation.

Cal. Ees, zur, and I demand an explanation.

Str. Idiot!

Tim. Idiot!—Oh, he means you, Caleb!

Str. [*To Arthur.*] Explanation, sir!—I have none to give, further than that I am a benighted traveller, claiming the hospitality of your roof.

Art. [*Aside.*] What could Aquila mean by that sudden exclamation? [*To the Stranger, hastily.*] You are not Colonel Kirk, sir?

Str. I am what I am, sir.

Tim. Yes, sir, and so am I.

Str. Whatever Kirk may be, he is represented to the world as a monster. If you either doubt or fear me, I can repossess your threshold. 'Tis a cold night, and a bitter one, but warmer to me will be the winter's wind than the chill of frozen hospitality.

Art. Not being Kirk, I ask again, and with courtesy, who are you?

Str. An honest man.

Art. An honest man!

Tim. [*To Arthur.*] You may well look surprised. I don't wish it to be generally known, but that's a very uncommon article.

Art. [*To the Stranger.*] I am content. What may you require?

Str. For to-night I ask repose, and in the morning free egress and a door unbolted.

Art. [*To a Female Servant.*] See this gentleman to a chamber. [*To the Stranger.*] In the morning I would have a few words with you.

Str. They must be few, for I am not a man of many.

Art. May a good night be yours!

Str. And a dreamless sleep be yours!

Art. Good night.

Str. Good night. [*Going, preceded by the servant.*]

Tim. [*Calling after him.*] I say, you, Mr. Sir!

Str. [*Returning.*] Well?

Tim. You didn't say good night to me, sir.

Str. Then good night to you, sir.

[*Going.*]

Tim. Are you a married gentleman?

Str. Not at present.

Tim. [*Apart to him.*] Then none of your grand military manœuvres with the chambermaid.

Str. What do you mean?

Tim. What do I mean?—Why, [*Singing.*] “Love was once a little boy—heigho! heigho!”

Str. Fool! [*Exit, pettishly, with the servant, C. D. F.*]

Tim. Fool!—There must be something very particular in my manner; for everybody seems to find that out.

Art. [*Aside.*] Relative to this man, doubts and fears assail me. My sister's vision—his likeness, too, to—I'll go and question her. [*Exit, C. D. F.*]

Tim. [*To Caleb.*] Really, all this is very mysterious! I don't wish it to be generally known, Caleb, but I don't think I much like that fellow. I'm afraid there's a good deal of the double bass about his character.

Cal. You be mistaken quoite : he'd make a foine leader of a band.

Tim. Yes—a band of robbers !

Omnes. A dance, Timothy—a dance !

Tim. With all my heart.—Strike up !—Twenty-four time, in the key of B minus. [*Timotheus and Caleb play.*]

THE CUSHION DANCE, OR, KISS IN THE RING.

[*Exeunt omnes, dancing off to the music of Timotheus and Caleb, c. d. f.*]

SCENE IV. — *A Gallery in the Mansion of Fullarton, leading from the Dormitory — a door R., and another, R. F.—Nearly dark.*

Enter the STRANGER, L.

Str. All appears still. A pest on the servant for withdrawing my light ! And yet, perhaps, it is fortunate—darkness may cloak my flight, and aid my purpose better ; for fly I must, or in the morning risk detection. [*Going, R.*] Ha ! a door opens—a lady comes this way, and with a light !

Enter AQUILA, with a taper, R. D.

Aqu. [*Starting.*] Who's there, so late ?

Str. I—a stranger.

Aqu. Your voice is unfamiliar to me, and perhaps your face—[*Holding up the taper.*] No ; I know that face !

Str. Indeed !—And where have you seen it ?

Aqu. In a dream. Your name is Kirk.

Str. [*Surprised.*] Kirk !

Aqu. Even so. Why do you echo what I say ? Nay, do not put your hand to your sword's handle : I come from too brave a race to be afraid of steel.

Str. A bold bearing should be met by a bolder still.—Kirk is my name ; and now you know me, speak of me, and with candour, what you think.

Aqu. You are a villain——

Kirk. In that my character is not original, for so are many men. Go on.

Aqu. Without principles !

Kirk. Your pardon, I have principles, and such, fair dame, as might bear improvement. Morality from the coral lips of a pretty woman comes with a better grace than scandal. Talk on this theme, and you may do so till

you are tired; and, being a being of the softer sex, that will not be for some time, I warrant ye.

Aqu. No feeling do you possess.

Kirk. How can that be, when I felt the cold and the frost of last night, and, may I add, the insults you heap upon me in the morning?

Aqu. Thou art one who never spared either man in his anger, or woman in his lust.

Kirk. Hold! that thrust I parry—I mean, the love of woman. One of your sex once wronged me. But I'll tell you my wayward tale, from the which you may judge what cause I have to love them. That which has made me most what I am is a branded name. I am of illegitimate birth! My brother—my younger and my only one, was born of a legitimate stock, and heir by law to great and uncounted wealth. After a lapse of years, my father died—my frail and much-wronged mother, too; and manhood found me at the best a beggar. On one stormy night, in the garb of poverty, with my wild rags streaming in the wind, I dared to knock at my rich brother's door; but he, more bold than I, checked my petition for a kinsman's right, and a crumb of bread, with a lie. He said he knew me not, and spurned me from his door!

Aqu. Your brother wronged you.

Kirk. Well, I became a tiller of the earth, and sought happiness in humbler life. I loved a peasant maid; the marriage day was named, when, on some plea of vain and idle courtesy, my brother came, in the pomp of power; he saw my hoarded gem, and gloated on her beauty. I said not welcome, but Seraphina smiled one, and in her arms—oh, agony!—he found it! The traitress with him fled; and my promised bride became—no! not the wife, but the mistress of my brother!

Aqu. And your brother—did you ever see him again?

Kirk. I did.

Aqu. When? where?

Kirk. When?—Some seven days afterwards. Where?—Dead in his coffin!

Aqu. Fratricide! you killed him?

Kirk. No; a stronger hand spared mine the guilt: a burning fever dried up his life-blood—the hand of Providence had struck him.

Aqu. And she—his paramour—

Kirk. Became abandoned, and died in the streets of London.

Aqu. And you?

Kirk. I became a common soldier, and rose from the ranks to be Colonel of Cuirasses; one of whom you justly say, that never spares man in his anger, or woman in his lust. [*Taking her hand.*] As a proof, I love you.

Aqu. Unhand me, or I'll alarm the household! I—I'll disclose your real name.

Kirk. Do so; and I'll say that I came in this disguise by your own appointment, but that, in a tête-à-tête of love, we quarrelled, and you betrayed me.

Aqu. [*Calling.*] Help! help!

Kirk. The devil! — If you call so loud, somebody will hear you.

Aqu. Help!

Enter ARTHUR FULLARTON, L., with his sword drawn —
Kirk blows out the taper carried by Aquila.

Aqu. Brother, stand on your guard, while I relight the taper. [*Exit, R. D. — Kirk attacks Arthur.*]

Art. [*Moving cautiously about.*] Ha! a sword's point! Villain!

[*They fight — Kirk is slightly wounded, and exits, hastily, R. D. F., leaving his sword behind him.*]

Re-enter AQUILA, with a light, R. D.

Aqu. Is he gone?

Art. Who mean you?

Aqu. Kirk—Colonel Kirk, the villain of my dream.

Art. Ha! something he has bequeathed—a sample of his blood upon my sword.

Aqu. While his own, like a recreant's, lies here. [*Taking up Kirk's sword.*] This augurs well to the cause of Monmouth!

Enter a SERVANT, L.

Ser. The Duke of Monmouth is entering Taunton; crowds flock to welcome him, while the ladies of the place strew flowers in his path, and cry, "Long live the king!"

Art. Go, arm each member of the household; my own weapon is already bared—the sword of a friend. Away!

[*Exit Servant, L.*]

Aqu. And here in my woman's grip is that of an enemy! This is excellent: the foe himself finds weapons to commence the encounter! And yonder, brother, behold, in anticipation of this event, a banner embroidered

by thy sister; its blazonry, a Crown—its motto, Victory! Come! I will in person present it to the noble Monmouth. Where my woman's finger point, thou wilt follow.

Art. Aye; for it will point to honour.

Aqu. For honour, then!

Art. For victory!

Aqu. Or the scaffold!

[*Exeunt*, R. D.]

SCENE V.—*A Triumphant Arch in the town of Taunton.*

Townsmen, with their wives and families, TIMOTHEUS TROMBONE, CALEB, GOODY GREY, &c., discovered—the men armed with scythes upon poles.

Enter the DUKE OF MONMOUTH and his Staff, c.—shouts of “Long live the King!”—the Duke raises his baton, and silence is restored.

Mon. Fellow-countrymen, I am come amongst you to redeem an ancient pledge to restore the liberties of England, and to rid her for ever of the usurper, James, Duke of York, miscalled James the Second, who has thrust himself into the royal seat of the Stuarts, for the purpose of playing the tyrant in the land that gave him life and honour. How came he by that throne which he falsely calls his right? for right he has none. No matter how. The question now is, the deliverance of our country.—See—I have drawn my sword; give me in turn your weapons and your hands, and by that bright sun now smiling on our union, it shall never rest a day within its sheath until the Duke of York is hurled headlong from his seat, or until James of Monmouth has ceased to breathe, and sigh for the freedom of his native land! [*The people shout.*] But what fair sight have we here?

Enter ARTHUR FULLARTON with AQUILA, c. f., bearing colours, and followed by a train of Ladies.

Aqu. The ladies of Devon present this banner to their champion of Liberty: may it float proudly in the breeze, when the flag of usurpation lies trampled in the dust!

Mon. A noble gift, and more precious still when it comes from the hands of beauty and virtue; and, like the consecrated flag of Joan of Arc, it shall be to Monmouth and his men a talisman. I'll bear it to the field; and if I fall, I ask no nobler shroud to wrap these bones than that woven for me by the fair dames of Devon.

Goody. What a duck of a man!—He is just like my old husband.

Tim. Oh, you old fool! your husband has got a wooden leg!

Goody. And you have got a wooden head.

Tim. Don't say a word about it—I don't wish that to be generally known.

Mon. Our means are small, but a rich country lies before us.

Tim. [*Apart.*] Caleb, he is poor: put your hand into the treasury of the grand military brass band, and give him twopence.

Cal. Bless you, there bean't a copper remaining; it sounds quite empty loiks; it be all expended and gone.

Tim. Yes, to the tune of "Off she goes," in the key of C minus!

Mon. Are there any of our friends whom we can serve, or, on the other hand, who can serve us?

Tim. To be sure there is. Step forward, Caleb.

Mon. What are you?

Tim. We are the grand military brass band belonging to the united parishes of Hollowhead and Hogs-Norton.

Mon. And why are you called the brass band?

Tim. I don't wish it to be generally known, but I believe it is on account of our impudence. [*Apart to Caleb.*] Bob your head, or we shall never get hired, Caleb. [*To Monmouth.*] Your majesty, doubtless, in this expedition, will require a grand military band of music, and we will lead you to death and glory on the most reasonable terms imaginable.

Mon. [*Aside.*] A humorous knave! [*To Timotheus.*] And what is to be your reward?

Tim. A mere trifle: make me prime minister, and Caleb a barrow-night.

Mon. You possibly would like to be created a lord.

Tim. I should.

Mon. And lord of what?

Tim. Oh, whatever you like.

Mon. Have you an estate?

Tim. Yes, I've a cabbage-garden at Leatherhead.

Mon. Lord Leatherhead then shall you be.

Tim. I shall be Lord Leatherhead!

Cal. Ees, and king of the shoemakers.

Tim. Shall I?—Then I'll be hanged if ever I'll pay for boots again!

Enter COLONEL FLETCHER, C. F.

Fle. [*To Monmouth.*] Tidings have reached us that the king's army is on the plains of Sedgemoor.

Mor. There we will give them battle.

Fle. And that five hundred horse, under Colonel Kirk, have entered the village of Weston.

Aqu. Kirk!—Behold his sword! [*Giving the sword to Arthur.*] Take it, my brother, and be again a conqueror!

Art. With right good will I take it; and as I raise its glittering blade to heaven, shout all, Long live James of Monmouth! Long live the King!

[*Shouts, and grand tableaux.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Landscape, with distant View of Sedgemoor.*—*Loud shouting heard without.*

Enter TIMOTHEUS and TABITHA TROMBONE, L.

Tim. Silence that dreadful clarinet!

Tab. [*Weeping.*] Oh, Timothy, my dear husband! don't go to battle! What should call you there?

Tim. Glory! [*Singing.*]

“Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,—
Those tears but ill become thee.”

Tab. But you may be killed, and then I shall be nobody's wife. Have you made your will, Timothy?

Tim. Yes; and here it is.

Tab. Oh, dear! now I think on't, there is nothing to leave.

Tim. Isn't there my trombone? and isn't there my goods and chattles?

Tab. Goods and chattles!—What are they?

Tim. Oh! first, there's one coffee-pot—

Tab. Without a top.

Tim. One frying-pan—

Tab. Without a bottom.

Tim. One saucepan, with three holes—

Tab. And another with thirty.

Tim. No more—no more! If I fall, and can leave my country nothing else, I will leave my wife and children to the parish.

Tab. But what comfort shall I have when you are dead?

Tim. Comfort! — I'll leave my Trombone to comfort you.

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Interior of the Duke of Monmouth's Tent at Sedgemoor. — Loud alarums of drums and trumpets.*

Enter MONMOUTH and EARL GREY, C. F.

Mon. Grey, you have disgraced us, and for ever!—
Leave our presence! [*Exit Grey, L.*]

Enter COLONEL FLETCHER, R.

Fle. Fly! all is lost!—They are firing our tents!—
Away, my lord! [*Exit, L.*]

Mon. I'll fight it to the last! [*Displaying part of a standard.*] In this, by a fragment have I kept my pledge: the banner I brought into the field I have not deserted!

Enter an Officer of the King's Party, hastily, R.

Officer. Yield me that rag!

Mon. Win it, and you will win my head; for I am James of Monmouth!

COMBAT.

[*During which, several Soldiers enter, with torches, and fire the interior of the tent — Monmouth is beaten off—the tent sinks with a crash, enveloped in flames, discovering the burning camp of Monmouth, and the triumphant army of the enemy—while a party of dragoons, headed by their colonel, advance the king's banner in the centre—loud alarums, and the curtain descends.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Field of ripe Corn—a gravel pit, R.—a stile near L. S. E. — the whole bounded by a range of hills, with a windmill at work, C. — a cooper's yard in the foreground, with a large water-butt, R.—Sunrise.*

Enter COLONEL KIRK over the stile, closely wrapped in his roquelaire, and followed by MOODY MAT, his Provost Marshal.

Mat. These autumn mornings strike somewhat cold before the sun gets up. I often marvel what can tempt you from your bed so early, colonel.

Kirk. Two powerful passions: the thirst of hate—the fever of revenge! Do you remember, Matthew, the day you first entered my troop?

Mat. I do: the last of seven since I had tasted food.

Kirk. I lodged then—if my memory fail me not——

Mat. Where I know not; I lodged next door to famine.

Kirk. Since which time, I believe I have given token that I am your friend.

Mat. Let me see: found drunk on duty—penalty, two hundred lashes—forgiven;—absent without leave—two hundred more—forgiven;—desertion, and——I'faith, I think you are my friend! Take heed, I only said, I think; for the friendship of man is like the love of woman, both of which are similar to——Where shall I find a parallel? There, in the weathercock upon yonder mill.

Kirk. I raised you from the ranks, and——

Mat. Made me your provost-marshal;—in plainer English, principal hangman to the army of James the Second. Well, since the fight at Sedgemoor, some seven months since, of rebels I have hanged—if my calculation be of the right measure, some three hundred men. Tell me, colonel, when will all this end, and my place become a sinecure?—When will King James's thirst of slaughter be appeased—or, rather, when will yours?

Kirk. Apon! But 'tis strange that all the parties I have sent in pursuit of this runaway adherent of Monmouth, Arthur Fullarton, should have returned without being able to obtain the slightest intelligence respecting him.

Mat. The fault is not mine. I charged them to spare in their search neither horse-flesh nor men's labour.

Kirk. I do not impute blame to you; but I am interested in finding this youth, nay, I would give a sum of some magnitude to the finder. Listen to me: I have reason to suppose that Fullarton is secreted near this very spot. [*Pointing to c.*] Do you observe yonder mill?—The wind is fresh, and the mill will doubtless continue to work for the day. At its foot is a picket of soldiers; their corporal alone remains above, to keep a wary eye on that which passes here. You must lurk about the standing corn, and should you see aught to incur suspicion, fire your fusil, as a signal to the scout, and on the instant the sails of the mill will stop their course—a token visible from my head-quarters.

Mat. And which will bring you here?

Kirk. You guess truly—it will. So, good day, good,

faithful Matthew! — If Fullarton be taken, you may count in your pocket five hundred crowns. Therefore I say again, good day, good, faithful Matthew! [*Aside, going.*] A greater rascal never walked unchanged!

[*Exit, L. U. E.*

Mat. The devil, they say, wears a cloven foot: I should like much to see our colonel without his boots!

[*Exit, L. S. E.*

Enter TIMOTHEUS TROMBONE, L., in rags, carrying a brass barrel blunderbuss upon his shoulder.

Tim. [*Musing.*] Timotheus Trombone — Timotheus Trombone! bad fortune to the day that caused you to blow your grand military instrument in the cause of rebellion! Why, I'm become a regular outlaw, like Robin Hood; but, instead of shooting with a long bow, I shoot with a grand military brass blunderbuss, that I picked up when I ran away, or rather retreated, from the enemy.— [*Displaying the blunderbuss.*] There it is, the terror of all the tom-tits in the neighbourhood! I don't wish it to be generally known, but I shot a John Donkey with it before he could say Jack Robinson! Oh, dear! I wish I wasn't a rebel, for I have had nothing to eat for the last fortnight but onions and horseradish! I want lodgings, too, in a more fashionable part than the woods. [*Looking about.*] Ha! there's an old water-butt. [*Peeping into it.*] Egad! it's like me—a little the worse for wear, and quite empty; been in the sun, too, without a drop of liquor, till it's as dry and leaky as a lime-basket! Umph! this will do!—To be let, unfurnished, a handsome rural retreat, called Cooper's Hall, with a grand military view of the surrounding country from the bung-hole! Eh! somebody's coming! I'll take possession, lest they take possession of me.

[*Scrambles into the water-butt, R.*

Enter TABITHA TROMBONE, with Crispin's coat, R.

Tab. Master's coat got so wet last night, that it is not dry yet. I'll hang it on the water-butt, to catch the rays of the sun. Eh! here's a shepherd's crook that was sent yesterday to be mended; I see 'tis done, and I wonder the owner don't fetch it away.

Crispin. [*Calling without.*] Tabitha!

Tab. There's master grumbling for his breakfast. — Coming, master! [*Exit, R.*

Tim. [*Looking out of the butt.*] Mrs. Trombone, by

all that's musical ! I don't wish it to be generally known that I am here, in case I should be hanged for a rebel.

[*Hiding again in the butt.*]

Re-enter MOODY MAT, with a paper, L. S. E.

Mat. I have here a reward offered for the apprehension of one Timothy Trombone. [*Crossing to R.*] Umph ! a cooper's hammer and nails ! I'll fasten it to this water-butt. [*While affixing it, Timotheus pops his head out, and watches him.*] I wish I was close to the fellow !

Tim. [*Aside.*] You are not many miles off.

Mat. [*Going, L.*] I'd teach him to play upon the Trombone ! [*Exit, L. S. E.*]

Tim. Oh, you fool ! you don't know a note of music ! [*Leaning over the butt, and snatching off the paper.*] What shall I do with it ? If I tear it up, it will betray me. Ha ! I'll put it into this great-coat pocket.

[*He places the paper in the pocket of Crispin's coat.*]

Crispin. [*Without, R.*] True, Tabitha, true.

Tim. More company ! [*Hiding.*] Not at home to nobody !

Enter CRISPIN and TABITHA TROMBONE, R.

Tab. I tell you, that I must leave you ; I've been a widow seven months, which is a long time for a lone woman.

Tim. [*Aside, peeping over the butt.*] Yes, seven months longer than you like, I'll warrant !

Cri. But you loved your husband ?

Tab. Oh, yes, as well as might be expected. It was very kind of him to die upon the field of battle ; there he behaved with prudence.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Yes, I did—I run away !

Cri. But are you sure he is dead ?

Tab. Bless you, yes ; for I have seen his grave, and by this time he is nearly reduced to a skeleton.

Tim. [*Aside.*] You are right there, old woman, for I am almost starved.

Tab. But you were going to tell me something about young Fullarton.

Cri. First, give me my coat. [*Tabitha hands it to him.*] Now get the breakfast ready. Egad ! as the morning is so fine, spread the table in the air by the side of yonder water-butt. Away with you, while I go to the stable, and give old Ball, my horse, his breakfast.

[*Exeunt, Crispin L., Tabitha R.*]

Tim. I wish somebody would give me a breakfast. I

shall be starved to death, and the coroner's jury will bring in a verdict of Fell-in-d'ye-see, and found drowned in an empty water-butt. [*Looking off, L.*] More company!—Everybody seems to be bringing their pigs to this market.

Enter a little BOY, L., carrying a large open basket, with clothes in it, and puts it down near the butt, R.

Boy. [*Calling.*] Hilli-ho ! hilli-ho !

Tim. [*Aside.*] Bless me ! what a grand military grenadier ! I'll ascertain the contents of his baggage-waggon.

[*He takes the shepherd's crook, and hooks the clothes into the water-butt.*]

Re-enter TABITHA TROMBONE, R.

Boy. Are you the widow Trombone, who takes in millinery, and who is going to be married to Mr. Caleb ?

Tab. I am, my love.

Tim. [*Aside, peeping out.*] The devil you are, my dear !

Boy. Then you must alter Mrs. Spriggenses dress, for it won't do at all ; she says she looks quite a fright in it.

Tim. [*Aside.*] I wonder how I shall look in it. [*Putting on the gown.*] I'll disguise myself as a woman.

Boy. And she says the cap is only fit for a fool.

Tim. [*Putting it on.*] And that's exactly the reason, I suppose, that it suits me.

Tab. Well, if it must be altered, give it me. Where is it ?

Boy. [*Turning to the basket.*] Why, they are gone—somebody has stolen 'em ! Oh ! won't I go home and tell my mother !

[*Exit, running, L.*]

Tab. Well, if ever——But as it's no business of mine, I'll go and get ready the breakfast.

[*Exit, R.*]

Tim. [*Looking after her.*] Aye, do—tea for twenty, and toast for twenty-four ! [*Viewing himself.*] Bless me ! I'm quite facinating in feminine attire ;—nobody will take me for a rebel now ! But here comes more company.

Re-enter MOODY MAT, L. S. E.

Mat. All is quiet ; the mill works yet, and I see no occasion to give the signal. [*Looking round.*] Ha ! the hand-bill removed from the water-butt ! That looks suspicious. I'll watch more narrowly.

[*Retires up, L.*]

Tim. [*Looking out.*] Oh, you are gone, are you ? But here comes my wife again—more company !

Re-enter TABITHA, R., with breakfast—she spreads the table close to the water-butt.

Tab. [Singing, while arranging the breakfast things.]

“ My husband he is dead and gone,
From this world of strife and bother ;
And happy will his widow be,
When she can get another ! ”

Tim. [Aside.] There's sacred music for ye ! — A hymn for the departed ! I don't wish it to be generally known, you faithful creature, but if I were near you, I'd break your remarkable pretty neck ! Oh, here comes more company !

Re-enter CRISPIN, L.

Cri. Come, Tabitha, be speedy.

Tab. I will. But about Arthur Fullarton—the signal, and all that.

Cri. He is secreted in an excavation formed by one of the sand-pits ; but the day of his deliverance is at hand, and it is this present one. I expect a cart this morning from the next village, by means of which he may escape, and leave, perhaps for ever, this unhappy land.

Mat. [Aside, L.] Say you so ?

Tab. But the signal to cause him to leave his hiding-place, and hasten here ?

Cri. You saw me load my carbine this morning—the signal will be its discharge.

Tab. Isn't that ill-advised ? For, supposing another gun to be accidentally discharged, wouldn't it bring him here before his time ?

Mat. [Aside.] How fortunate !—The very signal to stop the mill !

Cri. It would ; and the noble-hearted youth, deceived by my folly, would rush upon his ruin. This must be altered. Fly, Tabitha, to him, and say—*[Mat discharges his fusil, and the mill stops.]* Alas ! 'tis too late !

[Tabitha is going, c.]

Mat. Stay, my pretty one ; you shall make breakfast for a gentleman.

Cri. [Going.] Then the task to warn him must be mine.

Mat. And you, old gentleman, tarry, and give me a taste of your hospitality ;—you don't see me very often.

Tim. [Aside.] No, and they don't seem to want your company now.

Cri. Why did you discharge your fusil ?

Mat. I shot at a pigeon overhead—I couldn't stop the bird, but—[*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!—I stopped the mill! [*Sitting at the table.*] You see I make myself quite at home. Fire, water, and soldiers, soon make room for themselves. Quick! I am quite ready for my breakfast.

Tim. [*Peeping out.*] And so am I!

Mat. A fowl!—I'll carve it for you. [*Taking up a knife.*] But as my knife seems a little blunt, I'll give it a whet upon my boot.

[*While Mat stoops to sharpen the knife, Timotheus with the crook helps himself to the fowl.*]

Tab. Some bread and butter, sir?

Mat. I'm in no hurry.

Tim. [*Aside, helping himself to it.*] I am!

Mat. This knife requires much sharpening to make it keen; I shall never be able to cut up the fowl.

Tim. [*Aside.*] No, that you won't!

Tab. Is your tea agreeable?

Mat. Don't know—I haven't tried it. Now, then, for—[*A drum heard without, L.*] To arms!—Here comes the Colonel!

Tim. [*Aside.*] The devil!—More company!

Enter COLONEL KIRK, SAMPSON, and other Soldiers, L.

Kirk. [*To the Soldiers.*] Keep a close guard there.—Hand me a seat, and clear the table.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Clear the table! You'll find that done already.

Mat. [*Apart to Tabitha.*] Young woman, what has become of the fowl?

Tab. Why, I suppose you ate it.

Mat. No, I'll swear I didn't.

Tim. [*Aside.*] And so will I!

Tab. Well, somebody has made a most voracious meal.

Mat. I tell you, I haven't broken my fast this morning.

Tab. Then what has become of the seventeen slices of bread and butter?

Mat. I cannot tell;—there's One above that can unfold the mystery.

Tim. [*Aside.*] Yes, but he doesn't wish it to be generally known!

[*The Colonel takes a seat, beckons Moody Mat, and whispers in his ear.*]

Cri. [*Aside.*] Dreadful suspense!—In another moment Arthur may be here! [*Going.*] I'll go, and——

Kirk. Stay!—Do you know one Arthur Fullarton?

Cri. [*Hesitating.*] Yes—no!—That is, no—yes.

Kirk. An affirmative and a negative!—Which of the two do you please to mean?

Cri. [*Aside.*] Oh, misery!

Kirk. We wait, sir.

Enter ARTHUR FULLARTON, L.

Art. [*To Crispin.*] At the signal of your carbine, I've hastened to this spot, and—[*Starting.*] Colonel Kirk!

Kirk. Captain Fullarton!

Art. [*Apart to Crispin.*] Have you betrayed me?

Cri. No, on my honour!

Art. Hush! I believe you.

Kirk. So, sir, we are met under different circumstances from those in which we became first acquainted!

Art. Different, indeed!

Kirk. Men say, you fought at Sedgemoor.

Art. And if they do, it is a charge I have not the inclination, if I had the power, to disprove?

Kirk. I see you are of the lofty class of rebels—a sublime breaker of the law. How say you, sir: with your ardent throbbings in the cause of Monmouth, could you be content with the finger-post at the next crossing, and a foot or two of tether to swing freely in the wind, with the index pointing to Sedgemoor? Now, mark me: a word—one kind word, would have made Kirk the friend of Aquila Fullarton and her relatives for ever.

Art. Better she should be friendless. I know you have resolved upon my death: strike, then!—But think not, in your turn, to avoid the axe of justice. I warn you, in the name of your victims, that you shall not escape the hand of their avenger! You are exceeding your commission: the Parliament has passed no martial law against us.

Kirk. Rebel! trouble not yourself about my commission. This is no private pique;—it is the arm of the law that strikes you, and not mine.

Art. When drums beat, laws are silent. Let me hear my doom, that I may be prepared to meet it.

Kirk. You shall not be hanged without knowing it. [*To the Soldiers.*] Conduct this culprit to the prison—no, not to the prison—it is full; to the cage at Bridgewater.—Stay—one word, and a private one: your sword tasted once my blood—here is the scar: have you wiped it yet from your weapon?

Art. Merciless man!

Kirk. I thought that we should meet again! Ho! march, there!

[*Exeunt Colonel Kirk and Soldiers, L., guarding off Arthur Fullarton — Moody Mat and Sampson remaining.*]

Mat. [*Pointing to Crispin.*] Sampson, search that man.

Cri. Search me!

Mat. Yes, you. [*Sampson searches him, and draws a hand-bill from his coat-pocket.*] Well, what have you found?

Sam. This hand-bill.

Mat. The very same I nailed on yonder water-butt!—Hie thee to head-quarters, explain this matter to the colonel, and bring me back the death-warrant.

Sam. I'll use good haste, depend on it. [*Exit, L.*]

Mat. Old man, you may make ready.

Cri. Young man, I am glad 'tis so. I am old—childless—the props of my age have fallen from me.

Mat. Then you have lost your children?

Cri. Children and wife!—My son—oh! my son!

Mat. You appear to deplore most the loss of your son.

Cri. Because I loved him most. I was once in affluent circumstances, when an unsuccessful suit at law reduced me to the verge of penury. Creditors became clamorous; myself and children were thrust from the doors of that house, erected by my own industry, to wander through the world. We did not wander long: the gentle spirit of my wife found a place in its native heaven. My daughter and my son——

Mat. Your son!—What of your son?

Cri. His mother's loss seemed to have changed his nature: he gave his days to dissipation, and drank the live-long night. His sister oft rebuked, and tried to win him to a better mood; he promised to amend, but wine, and poverty, and grief, drove him—drove my poor boy, Robert Gordon, to distraction!

Mat. Rob—Robert Gordon! I knew—that is, I think I knew, your son. In a drunken brawl he slew a kinsman of Feversham's, who is now commander-in-chief.

Cri. He did.

Mat. Was tried—found guilty—broke prison, and his poor old father's heart;—went to the foreign wars——

Cri. And died there?

Mat. No: a penitent, and in deep disguise, your son returned.

Cri. Returned!—And shall I see him once again?

Mat. Would you forgive him?

Cri. From my heart!

Mat. [*Kneeling.*] Behold him, then, at your feet!

Cri. [*Raising him.*] Not at my feet, but in my arms!
My son!

Mat. [*Embracing him.*] Father! father!

Cri. Ah, Robert! you have been a long and weary time away.

Mat. Joy—joy!—I feel as if I wanted yet another welcome. Where is my sister, with her gentle voice?

Cri. Dead!

Mat. Dead!—Providence is just, and I deserve it should be so. She was ever kind—yes, kind as I was cruel!—Where lies she buried?

Cri. In that den where death is busiest—in some crowded churchyard of flinty-hearted London.

Mat. Peace to her dust!—And may the little flower, “Forget Me Not,” strike its root in the earth that covers her, and, like her gentle spirit, bloom in peace for ever! But what cut short my sister’s thread of life?

Cri. She fell a victim to the seducer’s snare.

Mat. Spoiled of her honour?

Cri. By a villain, and a false marriage.

Mat. Oh, that his throat was now within my grasp!—My sister—my only sister!—she who looked, too, so like her mother, you could not tell them from each other, but from the parent’s riper age. Revenge! revenge!

Cri. Leave vengeance unto Heaven!

Mat. I will, so I become its instrument on earth. Tell me this bane—was it Lucifer, or any other name of hell? Tell me, or I go mad! His name, I say! his name!

Cri. Be patient. When the news first came, I was as mad as you, till I read the letter writ on her dying bed, to which was affixed a sealed paper, containing her seducer’s name.

Mat. And you opened it, and——

Cri. No; for the envelope was thus inscribed: “That time may soften the anger of my father, this seal must not be broken till the hour of one on this day seven years.” And this, Robert, is the very day.

Mat. Ha! then let us rend the seal; for this, you say, is the appointed day.

Cri. But not the hour: it yet wants two hours to one.

Mat. Give me the paper.

Cri. You will not open it?

Mat. Not till the time. Then tremble you, whose unknown inky name within has stained the paper!

[A distant drum heard without.]

Cri. Hark! I hear the tramp of soldiers.

Mat. Soldiers! They come with your death-warrant! My cruelty has slain my new-found father! *[Crosses to L.]*

Cri. Do not despair. — They come! — My son, dissemble.

Re-enter SAMPSON, L. S. E.—he presents the warrant to Moody Mat.

Sam. The colonel's orders are for instant death, without form or ceremony. You will find them right in the reading. I have provided myself with a rope; so, despatch! *[To Crispin.]* I will myself bind you to this water-butt.

[He fastens him.]

Mat. *[Aside.]* I choke to see the villain gripe the old man's aged limbs!—Ha! Sampson is alone! Sampson! good Sampson! come hither.

Sam. Well, what would you have?

Mat. The fee for the execution of a rebel is ten crowns.

Sam. It is.

Mat. Are any of your comrades near?

Sam. Not one. Being an easy affair, and as their presence would lessen the fee, I have left them at a distance.

Mat. That was judicious. Ten crowns will be your guerdon. Now, as I have a fancy to save the old man's life, let him escape, and I will give you twenty.

Sam. Have you, indeed?

Mat. I have.

Sam. Then I haven't.

Mat. Remember, twenty crowns.

Sam. What! and become myself a rebel? I wouldn't for two hundred!

Mat. *[Presenting his fusil at him.]* Then die as you are—a dog! *[It misses fire.]* Accursed chance! I had forgotten I'd discharged my carbine!

Sam. So, the dog yet lives to bark at you, Master Matthew! *[To Crispin.]* Old man, make ready!

Cri. *[Calling.]* My son! help—help!

Mat. *[Clubbing his fusil, and rushing on Sampson.]* Monster!

Sam. *[Presenting one pistol at Moody Mat, and ano-*

ther at Crispin.] Stand off, or fall by your own folly!—Shoot him I will, or be shot myself!

Tim. [*Discharging his blunderbuss at Sampson, who falls.*] There, then, you shall be accommodated!

[*He jumps from the water-butt, attired in the gown and cap.*

Mat. Saved by a female!

Tim. Yes—a male female, and a grand military blunderbuss, with a brass barrel! Huzza! huzza!—Victoria! victoria!

[*Tableau—the act-drop falls hastily.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Head-Quarters of Colonel Kirk, at Bridgewater.*

Enter COLONEL KIRK, musing, L.

Kirk. What, then, is reputation?—The shadow of a shade, and yet a something more; for what cannot a man do provided his reputation be unhurt? With it, vice may sit down with an emperor—without it, even virtue itself may beg. What makes the difference between the highway cutpurse and the usurer, who devours your estate, or the titled gambler, who beggars you with a painted card-reputation? So thought the Spartan lawgiver, when he punished not for the crime, but the detection; and the world thinks with him still, for all its wordy hypocrisy. Search from the palace to the hovel, you will find reputation everything, virtue nothing!

Enter a SOLDIER, L.

Sol. Miss Fullarton waits upon you, colonel. [*Exit, L.*

Kirk. What would she have with me?

Enter AQUILA, L.

Aqu. [*Kneeling.*] Mercy for my brother!

Kirk. Rise, madam. His life, you know, is forfeited.

Aqu. [*Rising.*] I know it is.

Kirk. [*Aside.*] How beautiful she looks! [*Aloud.*] You love him, do you not?

Aqu. Heaven knows I do!

Kirk. And would make a sacrifice to obtain the boon you seek?

Aqu. A thousand!

Kirk. If I said gold——

Aqu. It were yours, had I mines of it to offer!

Kirk. Would you incur death to save your brother?

Aqu. Readily.

Kirk. Exile?

Aqu. Willingly.

Kirk. Yet what I would ask is less than even these.

Aqu. What is it? Suspense is added misery!

Kirk. Love me with a love unfettered by the marriage chain.

Aqu. You mean my honour?

Kirk. His life or death is in your hands: one word from you can either save or destroy him!

Aqu. If no word can save him but that which brings dishonour to his sister, even let him die!

Kirk. I may possess the power to make you repent those words.

Aqu. You have no power over my innocence; and I fear you not, while I preserve a conscience free from thought of evil.

Kirk. Indeed!—Have you no fear?

Aqu. I fear nothing. I read your mind clearly, and I know you dare not act the ruffian part you speak of: there is a Power that awes your spirit, even while you affect to brave it. Oh, conscience! conscience!

Kirk. [*Calling off, L.*] Ho, there!

Enter a SOLDIER, L.

Harkee, sir: here is a lady who has an especial desire to spend a night in the barrack-room. Send hither one or two of my best and sleekest lambs, that I may resign her to their tender keeping.

Aqu. Have mercy on me!

Kirk. Have mercy on yourself. Take her away!

Aqu. One minute for consideration—only one!

Kirk. Aye, there is reason in that. I give you five: in that period, be with your answer ready.

Aqu. I will obey you, if this burning brain will let me!

[*Exit, R.*]

Kirk. [*To the Soldier.*] Send Matthew to me.

[*Exit Soldier, L.*]

Enter MOODY MAT, L.

Mat. I am here !

Kirk. Have you disposed of Arthur Fullarton as I instructed ?

Mat. I have. But how mean you to act as to the sister ? To compromise her in the accusation with her brother ?

Kirk. No !

Mat. To give her liberty ?

Kirk. No !—Is your invention so soon at fault ?

Mat. I'm at my wit's end.

Kirk. Your wit, then, is shorter than it should be.—This heroine cherishes her reputation at a high account ; but her chariness in this particular may be surmounted by a little equivocation. I would deceive her with the form of marriage, without the substance.

Mat. You call that a little equivocation !—I call it a great deal.

Kirk. I want a villain, on whom we can rely, to personate a priest. Do you know one of that character ?

Mat. I do—the greatest in the world.

Kirk. Ha !

Mat. You need not be surprised—I don't mean you.

Kirk. You are frank—somewhat rude, too, but quite honest.

Mat. And you are neither one nor the other. When will you want this priest ?

Kirk. Within an hour.

Mat. Where ?

Kirk. Here.

Mat. He shall be ready. You will require also a witness of the marriage ?

Kirk. I shall.

Mat. I'll be the witness.

Kirk. And a bridesmaid.

Mat. I'll—No ; I've too much beard for a bridesmaid.

Kirk. How runs the time ?

Mat. About the stroke of one. [*The clock strikes.*] So, the time is come ! [*He breaks the seal of the packet.*]

Kirk. The time is come for what ? You turn pale, and you shudder !

Mat. Can you read ?

Kirk. A strange question to put to one of my rank !—I can read.

Mat. [*Giving the letter.*] Then read that for me.

Kirk. Have you any interest in this ?

Mat. A simple curiosity—no farther.

Kirk. Where did you get this letter ?

Mat. I picked it from the pavement of the street ;—see, the dirt has stained the paper.

Kirk. Its contents cannot concern you.

Mat. No, nor you. Read—read, I pray you !

Kirk. [*Glancing over the paper, and laughing lightly.*]
Ha ! ha !

Mat. Why do you laugh ?

Kirk. To think that, after all, it should concern me.—
It comes from one of my early loves, when I was a gay gallant in the merry reign of Charles the Second.

Mat. Go on !

Kirk. It appears that the girl, in her last extremity, has furnished her father with my name.

Mat. Merciful Heaven !—Did she say Kirk ?

Kirk. She has written so.

Mat. Let there be no mistake.

Kirk. I am too gallant to contradict the lady.

Mat. Did you gain your purpose by a mock marriage ?

Kirk. It might be so.

Mat. Or a mock priest ?

Kirk. Very likely ; but the affair being of so trifling consequence, I cannot charge my memory.

Mat. Do you remember her name ?

Kirk. Mar—it was a Marian something.

Mat. Was it Marian Gordon ?

Kirk. Gordon it was—I thank you, Matthew. Now go for the priest.

Mat. [*Aside.*] Shall I kill him where he stands ?

Kirk. Why are you grumbling, sirrah ?

Mat. [*Aside.*] Pluck out his heart ?

Kirk. How is this ?—Have I said aught to offend you ?

Mat. Not a word—not a word !

Kirk. Quick ! if you love me, fetch me a priest !

Mat. If I love you !

Kirk. Be cheerful, and you shall dance at my wedding.

Mat. Shall I ?

Kirk. Are you drunk ?

Mat. No, not drunk, though soon I shall be. Brandy !
brandy ! brandy !

[*Exit, hastily, L.*]

Re-enter AQUILA, R.

Kirk. Now, have you considered the proposal ?

Aqu. Yes, and Arthur must die—it cannot be!

Kirk. Spoken like the bride of a soldier! You have made a most excellent decision. I have been always sceptical as to the virtue of your sex, but those doubts are now removed. Was it not pictured to you once in a dream that I should be your husband?

Aqu. It was.

Kirk. Give me your hand, then.

Aqu. Shall I obtain my brother's life and liberty if I marry you?

Kirk. Have I not said so?

Aqu. And when are we to—to marry?

Kirk. A priest waits for us in the next apartment.

Aqu. If it must be so, let it be speedily. [*Aside.*] I shall not live long after!

Re-enter MOODY MAT, L.

Mat. The priest!

Kirk. We are ready. [*Exit Moody Mat, L.*] Is it not so, Aquila?

Aqu. Ye—yes.

Kirk. Give me your hand. [*Taking it.*] 'Tis cold.

Aqu. So is my heart!

Kirk. Come!

Aqu. Stay!—There is but one thing more that I desire: that I may see my brother, and inform him myself of his deliverance.

Kirk. And of your marriage?

Aqu. No—I would not break his heart;—let him find that out from some other quarter.

Kirk. Well, then, your visit must be brief.

Aqu. As my stay on earth will be!

Kirk. Will you save your brother, or shall he perish?

Aqu. Save him!—To the altar! to the altar!

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*The Interior of the Royal Jamie's Head—a door, R. F.—over it a board, on which is written, “CALEB, the COWBOY, Dealer in New Milk, and other Spirituous Liquors.”—The door opens cautiously.*

Enter TIMOTHEUS TROMBONE, D. F., in the garb of a Female.

Tim. Ugh! the room empty!—The more room for me! The house seems to be deserted. Oh, that I had some

musical instrument to amuse myself with! I escaped from battle with my life, 'tis true, but my poor Trombone was taken prisoner. I should like the contents of that cupboard to be generally known to me; for, though I've the dress of a lady, I've the grand military appetite of a regiment of dragoons! [*Going off, R.*] What do I behold? My own trombone! Come to my arms, and let your loud voice give me welcome!

[*Goes off, R., returns with the Trombone, and blows it with great violence.*]

Caleb. [*Without, R.*] Whose there, making that terrible noise in the front parlour?

Tim. I've alarmed the family. The front parlour! I must put you back again. [*Placing the trombone R.*] But where am I? [*Looking at the board over the door, and reading.*] "*Caleb, the Cowboy, Dealer in New Milk, and other Spirituous Liquors.*" This is the house of Caleb—the perfidious Caleb, who is going to marry my wife to-morrow, before she is a widow! By the silver lute of Morpheus, if he attempt such a matrimonial irregularity, I'll play such an overture upon his ribs with these grand military drumsticks, as shall drive the breath out of his body!

Enter CALEB, R.

Cal. By gums! if there bean't a lady!—What an uncommon fine woman!

Tim. Yes, I am very uncommon, and, at the same time, very crummy!

Cal. If I may be so bold, who may you be, madam?

Tim. Fat, fair, and forty.

Cal. [*Aside.*] How very superior to the widow Trombone, who I'm going to marry!

Tim. [*Aside.*] He seems to be smitten; I've hit his heart: I wish I dared hit his head, a rascal! I'll let him make love to me out of revenge, and so cut out my wife!

Cal. My dear madam, excuse me, but——

Tim. Have done, you wretch! I'm a maiden lady!

Cal. What is your fortune, madam?

Tim. My face is my fortune.

Cal. Are you not rich?

Tim. Not very.

Cal. [*Aside.*] Not rich! — I don't think her quite so handsome as I did at first.

Tim. I've a few hundreds per annum.

Cal. [*Aside.*] A few hundreds per annum!—I'm a made man!

Tim. Yes, and I'm a maiden lady.

Cal. [*Kneeling.*] Behold me at your feet!

Tim. Yes, I see you are.

Cal. Allow me to try this wedding-ring upon your finger. [*Putting it on.*] It fits it to a hair!

Tim. Yes, and so it does my pocket. [*Placing it there.*] But were you not pre-engaged?

Cal. Why, I was to have married a Mrs. Trombone; but she's no beauty, with all her paint.

Enter TABITHA TROMBONE, D. F.

Tim. And I'm not much without it!

Tab. [*To Caleb.*] I paint! [*Driving him round the room.*] Oh! you villain! [*To Timotheus.*] And you, madam—who are you?

Tim. I'm a young unmarried female.

Tab. Where is the ring he this moment gave to you?

Tim. The ring! [*Singing.*]

“ Oh, no, we never mention it,
Its name is never heard!”

Tab. [*To Timotheus.*] I'll tear your eyes out!

Tim. Really, this conduct is most unlady-like; and if you persist in it, I'll throw you out of the window!

Enter GENERAL FEVERSHAM and Suite, D. F.

Fev. Ladies, forbear! in the name of the king and modesty!

Tim. “None but the brave deserve the fair!” [*Throwing himself into the arms of Feversham.*] I throw myself on your protection!

Fev. [*To Timotheus.*] Can you inform me where I may find one Timothy Trombone?—Do you know him, madam?

Tim. No, nor do I think he wishes himself to be generally known.

Fev. The more's the pity, as I bring for him the king's pardon.

Tim. You don't say so?

Fev. Here is the writing. [*Timotheus capers about with great glee and violence.*] Are you mad? Where is this Timothy? Answer me!

Tim. Here, beneath these petticoats! My wife!

Tab. [*Rushing into his arms.*] My husband!

Cal. What, measter come back agin! Burn my buttons! where's my clarionet?

Tim. Moment of rapture !

Fev. Can you conduct us to Colonel Kirk ? We have business for him from the court at London.

Tim. Kirk—Colonel Kirk ? To be sure we can. So strike up, Caleb, in the key of A major ! [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Cage at Bridgewater.*

ARTHUR FULLARTON *discovered sleeping*—AQUILA *standing near him.*

Aqu. How calmly he sleeps !

Art. Aquila !

Aqu. And murmurs my name in his dreams ! Arthur, awake !

Art. Who's there ?

Aqu. Good news, dear Arthur ! I told you I should succeed.

Art. Is it possible that Kirk has felt remorse ? Then there is no dream so wild, in the wildest delirium of hope, that the future may not justify.

Aqu. I tell you, that before the sun sets you will be free. Ah, Arthur ! you have been always very dear to me !—Men know not in this world what the morrow brings : but yesterday it promised death to you, and, see, how falsely it has promised !

Art. Aquila, I distrust the mercy of our persecutor—it is too sudden. The question I am about to put to you might seem unnecessary, but I am your brother, and, though in chains, your natural protector. Tell me, then, (for I cannot feel as if I had discharged my duty without formally making the enquiry) did Kirk propose any condition when he granted you my life ?

Aqu. Yes, one ; and it is granted.

Art. Granted ! and without consulting me ! What was it, Aquila ?

Aqu. That you shall know hereafter.

Art. And why not now ? Do you think that I fear death ?

Aqu. I know that all love life.

Art. I tell you, Aquila, that could you to offer me a million happy years, instead of the few miserable days that Kirk can spare to me, and were to accompany the gift with dishonour, I would spurn it from me with contempt !

Aqu. Would I offer you a gift allied to baseness ?—Know me better !

Art. Is there anything in this condition to compromise your honour or your reputation?

Aqu. Nothing.

Art. Or your happiness?

Aqu. My happiness!

Art. You hesitate.

Aqu. No, I do not; for, surely, that must regard my happiness which regards your life.

Art. 'Tis strange!—You have found some way to bribe him, and which you hide from me.

Aqu. So much, at least, you know.

Art. Be it so;—perhaps I know enough; for the gift of life, I do not blush to own, is a welcome one.

Aqu. So I thought. But I must away, for I hear the sentry at the door already. Farewell!

Art. God speed you! Give me your hand at parting. [*Taking it.*] Ha! how is this!—You wear a wedding-ring.

Aqu. Do I?

Art. Look!

Aqu. Yes, yes; it was our mother's.

Art. But you wear it on the marriage-finger!

Aqu. Do I?—I know not what I do! Good bye, brother!

Art. But the ring, Aquila——

Aqu. To-morrow—all will be explained to-morrow!

[*Exit, R. S. E.*]

Art. To-morrow!—Kind Providence, I thank thee!—I had steeled myself to the thought of death, and the pangs of parting with the riven ties of earth were over.—How changed that feeling of despair!—Joy swells my bosom—fairy Hope my heart! In an hour—one brief passing hour, farewell to these, my chains! and welcome, Liberty!

Enter MOODY MAT, R. S. E.

Mat. I am glad to hear your cry is welcome, because it proves you are——

Art. What, sir?—Explain.

Mat. Prepared to die.

[*A bell tolls.*]

Art. I stood, I know, under sentence, but it has been revoked.

Mat. Who had the inhumanity to tell you so?

Art. One who had it from the lips of Kirk himself.

Mat. You were deceived. The colonel ordered you for death this instant.

Art. Was his mood sad when he gave the sentence?

Mat. Sad! — Marry, no; for he had just become a bridegroom.

Art. Kirk—married!—And to whom?

Mat. Your sister.

Art. My sister! The ring—the ring! I see it now!—She sacrificed her happiness to save my life, and both are lost for ever! Poor girl! poor ardent, fond, believing fool! The tyrant, then, deceived thee! I thought there was something more in this than it could be rational to hope or expect. I had before prepared myself to die; I am ready. Lead on! [Exeunt, R. S. E.]

SCENE IV. — *The Head-Quarters of Kirk.*

Enter COLONEL KIRK, L.

Kirk. [*Drawing a picture from his bosom.*] Yes, thou art here, and how strange that it should be so! Amidst the march of misery, the toils of war—false as thou wert, a brother's paramour—thy image, Seraphina, has rested on my heart—a heart thy perfidy has turned to stone!—Traitress! thou hast made me hate myself, thy sex, and all mankind! Ha! this should be the moment of Arthur Fullarton's execution! I see the crowd, but have not heard the roll of the drum. Oh, here comes my bride!

Enter AQUILA, R.

Aqu. On what day do you leave Bridgewater?

Kirk. On Monday, at the furthest. Why do you ask?

Aqu. Because it regards, in some degree, the favour I have to ask. I long to see my brother restored to his home again, and would go with him.

Kirk. You may go as soon as you will.

Aqu. And remain till Monday?

Kirk. Till Doomsday, if it so please you.

Aqu. And upon my return, I will be ready to go where you shall order, and, to my life's end, truly and faithfully discharge to you the duty and obedience I have vowed.

Kirk. You may readily spare yourself the pain. You are free to bestow your heroism where you will, for any jealousy that I shall ever feel at the loss of it.

Aqu. Then I have your permission to accompany my brother to-day?

Kirk. Yes.

Aqu. And Arthur——

Kirk. What can I do with him? He must settle that with the court-martial.

Aqu. Do you mean to intimate, that after all, he must go through the forms of trial? No; you are not so inhuman! You pledged your word he should be free to-day, and, if he would, upon the road to Taunton.

Kirk. And I desire to be so far kinder than my word, that you may even take yourself the way you speak of, and as speedily as possible. So now, I warrant, you will be for reputing yourself a colonel's wife amongst the worthy folks of Somerset.

Aqu. No, no!—True as it is, I have no wish to boast of it. You speak to me in riddles.

Kirk. They are solved in a word:—you are no wife of mine!

Aqu. Thou liest, monster! In the sight of heaven and the bright day, I am thy wife, and thou shalt find it so!—Justice upon thee, Kirk!—I will have it, if there be a king in England!

Kirk. I thought that this would be my lot!

Aqu. It shall, and a heavier one will follow! I tell thee, though I abhor thy evil mind, and would give worlds that we had never met, yet I will faithfully preserve the vow which I have taken, to be to thee a true and faithful wife. Think it not—hope it not! Nothing but death, that sunders every tie, shall sunder that which was bound in the sight of Heaven!

Kirk. Perhaps the priest who wedded us was not one of its ministers!

Aqu. A false marriage! I see the snare into which I have fallen! Arthur, thou wert right! Undone for ever!

[*She approaches Kirk in a supplicating manner.*]

Kirk. What now do you ask?

Aqu. My brother's freedom!

Kirk. He is free!

Aqu. Out of prison?

Kirk. Yes. [*A drum rolls without.*] Ha! the signal!

Aqu. Where—where is he?

Kirk. Hanging upon yonder gibbet!

Aqu. Dead! Arthur dead! Man—monster—demon! why hast thou brought this heavy wrong upon me?

Kirk. For revenge! Your brother's sword drank the first drop of blood e'er spilled in mortal conflict.

Aqu. Rejoice and revel in your cruelty!—Yet a time will come for punishment: I pray it not, still it shall

surely be! That robust health in which thou putttest such trust, shall fail thee; thou shalt lie upon thy death-bed with the grave for thy best hope, and demons, who have been thy masters, for thy comforters! False traitor to the dearest voice of nature! thy permitted hour of license shall soon be ended! Thou hast mocked at my agony—Heaven shall mock at thine! But no more—no further thought of thee!—Arthur hangs on the gibbet.—Away! let me see the last struggle of that gallant form! [*Going, L.*]

Enter ARTHUR FULLARTON, L., meeting her.

Aqu. [*Starting back.*] Art thou a spirit? If not, speak to me!

Art. Aquila!

Aqu. [*Falling into his arms.*] He lives! he lives!

Kirk. Arthur! and free! Who pardoned him?

Enter GENERAL FEVERSHAM and Soldiers, with MOODY MAT, bound, L.

Fev. God and the king!

Kirk. May the blight of a million years descend upon and wither him! How is this? Matthew bound!

Mat. Yes, they have napped me at last, colonel; I doubt a pardon much for me.

Fev. 'Tis hopeless: he slew my nearest kinsman.

Mat. Life and I have long been at drawn daggers; I am ready to die. Unbind my arms—I will not escape. Colonel, will you plead for me?—What! not a word?—Feversham, I slew your kinsman in hot blood: take mine in cold—you are welcome to it.

Fev. I like the fellow's roughness. Unpinion him.

[*The Soldiers release him.*]

Mat. Ah! now, methinks, I am easier.

Kirk. General Feversham, you have done wrong.

Mat. He has done right, and the end will prove it.

Art. [*To Kirk.*] More mercy might become you better.

Kirk. More modesty might become you; but you are proud, as all escaped felons would be. You think your sister there to be my wife: she is, instead, my folly's toy—my leman. The marriage ceremony was performed by a mock priest.

Mat. That's a lie!

Omnes. How?

Mat. [*To Kirk.*] I grant you I was to have provided a mock priest, but I altered my mind, and brought a real one.

Kirk. [*Threatening him.*] Slave !

Mat. Hold off !

Kirk. [*Striking Mat.*] Villain !

Mat. [*Snatching a sword from a Soldier, and stabbing him.*] Seducer !

Kirk. [*Staggering back.*] Why—why have you done this ? [*Falls, c.*

Mat. My name is Robert Gordon. You wantonly seduced my sister, and I have avenged her !

Aqu. Husband, can I alleviate your suffering ?

Art. Your wife speaks to you.

Kirk. My wife !—Oh, vengeance ! permit it not !—For if she be my wife, she will inherit all my wealth.

Fev. Yes, if you write not out a document to will it otherwise.

Kirk. My hand is palsied—I cannot write. Ha ! what demon form stands in the dusk before me ?—'Tis Seraphina !—And there above, in yon bright cloud, Marian sits pointing to the gulf below !—A mist is in my eyes, yet through the thickness I can see my foe. [*Pointing to Arthur.*] Where is my sword ? Gone—gone like my hope in Heaven ! [*Dies.*

[*Tableau—Moody Mat pointing malevolently at Kirk as the curtain descends.*]

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

Soldiers.

Soldiers.

Body of KIRK.

FEV. AQUILA.

ARTHUR. MAT.

R.]

[L.]

THE END.

CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH AND MINOR THEATRE:

COMPRISING ALL THE BEST

Tragedies—Comedies—Operas—Farces—Melodrams, and Interludes

WITH REMARKS BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

THIS Work is correctly marked with the Stage Business of the Metropolitan Theatres, and for its great utility is universally patronised by the Theatrical Profession, and is in constant use Prompt and Part Books, in the London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and American Theatres.

Each Play is embellished with a highly finished full-length Portrait of a celebrated Performer in a favourite character, engraved on Steel, from an original Drawing by Mr. Wageman, or Buss; or an interesting Scene, engraved by Mr. Bonner, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LIST OF THE PLAYS ALREADY PUBLISHED,

Price 6d. each, a few very expensive Copyrights 1s. each.

VOL. I.		28 Coriolanus		VOL. XIV.		135 Who wants a G	
1	Romeo and Juliet	49	Every One has his Fault	92	Disagreeable Sur- prise	nea, 1s.	
2	She Stoops to Con- quer	VOL. VIII.		93	The Stranger	136	Poor Soldier
3	Macbeth	50	The Alcaid	94	Village Lawyer	137	Midsummer Night's Dream
4	Pizarro	51	The Busy Body	95	School for Scandal	138	The Way to get Mar- ried, 1s.
5	Richard III.	52	Tale of Mystery	96	The Spoiled Child	139	Turnpike Gate
6	Douglas	53	Know your Own Mind	97	Animal Magnetism	140	Paul and Virginia
7	Suspicious Husband	VOL. II.		VOL. XV.		VOL. XXI.	
8	Othello	54	Mayor of Garratt	99	The Critic	141	The Cabinet, 1s.
9	The Duenna	55	A woman never vex't	100	Deaf and Dumb	142	Youthful Queen
10	The Rivals	56	The Maid of the Mill	101	The Castle Spectre	143	Green-eyed mons-
11	Belle's Stratagem	VOL. IX.		102	The Revenge	144	Country Girl
12	Cymbeline	57	Barber of Seville	103	Midnight Hour	145	Irish Tutor
13	Venice Preserved	58	Isabella	104	Speed the Plough, 1s	146	Beaux' Stratagem
14	The West Indian	59	Charles the Second	105	Rosina	147	The Will, 1s.
VOL. III.		60	The Fair Penitent	VOL. XVI.		VOL. XXII.	
25	Much Ado about No- thing	61	George Barnwell	106	Monsieur Tonson	148	Irishman in Louc
16	The Hypocrite	62	The Fall of Algiers	107	Comedy of Errors	149	Recruiting Office
17	As You Like it	63	Der Freischutz	108	The Spectre Bride- groom	150	The Shave, 1s.
18	Provoked Husband	VOL. X.		109	A Cure for the Heart-ache, 1s.	151	The Devil's Elix
19	The Beggar's Opera	64	The Fatal Dowry	110	Amateurs & Actors	152	"Master's Rival"
20	Way to Keep Him	65	Shepherd of Der- went Vale	111	Inkle and Yarico	153	The Duel
21	The Padlock	66	Father and Son	112	Education	154	William Tell, 1s.
VOL. IV.		67	Wives as they were	VOL. XVII.		VOL. XXIII.	
22	King John	68	Lofty Projects	113	Children in the Wood	155	Tom Thumb
23	Henry IV. Part I.	69	Every Man in his Humour	114	Rendezvous	156	Happiest Day of Life
24	The Wonder	70	Two Galley Slaves	115	Barbarossa	157	Fatality
25	Hamlet	VOL. XI.		116	Gambler's Fate	158	Laugh when y can, 1s.
26	Trip to Scarborough	71	Brutus, 1s.	117	Giovanni in London	159	William Thomp
27	The Road to Ruin	72	Ali Pacha	118	School of Reform 1s	160	Illustrious Stran
28	The Gamester	73	Twelfth Night	119	Lovers' Vows	161	Soldier's Daught
VOL. V.		74	Henry the Fifth	VOL. XVIII.		162	The Waterman
29	The Winter's Tale	75	Love in humble life	120	Highland Reel	163	Town and Coun
30	Man of the World	76	Child of Nature	121	Two Gentlemen of Verona	VOL. XXIV.	
31	The Inconstant	77	The Sleep Walker	122	Taming the Shrew	164	No Song no Sup
32	Love in a Village	VOL. XII.		123	Secrets worth know- ing, 1s.	165	Lock and Key
33	Jane Shore	78	Orestes in Argos	124	Weathercock	166	Snakes in the G
34	King Henry VIII.	79	Hide and Seek	125	Somnambulist	167	Love, Law & Phy
35	Julius Cæsar	80	Tribulation	126	All's well that ends well	168	Rienzi, 1s.
VOL. VI.		81	The Rival Valets	VOL. XIX.		169	Clari
36	Merchant of Venice	82	Roses and Thorns	127	Artaxerxes	170	The Brigand
37	Merry Wives of Windsor	83	Midas	128	The Serf, 1s.	171	Riches, 1s.
38	Virginian, 1s.	84	Rule a Wife and have a Wife	129	The Lancers	172	The Citizen
39	Caius Gracchus	VOL. XIII.		130	Love for Love	VOL. XXV.	
40	All in the Wrong	86	Good-natured Man	131	The Merchant's Wed- ding, 1s.	173	Grecian Daughte
41	King Lear	87	Oberon	132	Race for a Dinner	174	Charles the XII.
42	Cato	88	Lord of the Manor	133	Raising the Wind	175	Teddy the Tiler
VOL. VII.		89	The Honey-Moon	VOL. XX.		176	Popping the Qu
43	New way to pay Old Debts	90	Doctor Bolus	134	Siege of Belgrau	177	The Maid of Judai
44	Measure for Measure	91	High Life below stairs			178	X. Y. Z.
45	The Jealous Wife					179	Oroonoko
46	The Tempest					180	Honest Thie
47	Clandestine Marriage					181	The Blind

VOL. XXVI.	241 Comus	CUMBERLAND'S	62 The Spare Bed
32 Notoriety, 1s.	242 Fontainebleau, 1s.	Minor Theatre.	63 Smuggler's daughter
33 Matrimony	243 English Fleet	VOL. I.	VOL. VIII.
34 A Husband at Sight	244 The Widow, or who wins	1 The Pilot	64 Cedar Chest
35 First of April	245 The Camp	2 Heart of Mid-lothian	65 Wardock Kennilson
36 John of Paris	246 Personation	3 Inchnage Bell	66 The Shadow
37 The Miller and his Men, 1s.	VOL. XXXIII.	4 Mason of Buda	67 Ambrose Gwinett
38 Prisoner at Large	247 Maid or Wife	5 The Scapegrace	68 Gilderoy
39 Timon of Athens	248 Castle of Sorrento	6 Suil Dhuv the coiner	69 Fate of Calas
40 The Prize	249 Faustus, 1s.	7 The Earthquake	70 The Young heels!
VOL. XXVII.	250 All at Coventry	8 "My Old Woman"	71 The Revolt of the Workhouse
41 Henry IV. Part II.	251 Tom and Jerry	9 Massanello	72 The Man and the Marquis
42 Forty Thieves	252 Robert the Devil	VOL. II.	VOL. IX.
43 My Grandmother	253 Lestocq	10 Don Giovanni	73 Gipsy Jack
44 The Vampire	254 Cataract of the Ganges	11 Paul Jones	74 Lurline
45 The Farmer	255 Old Regimentals	12 Luke the Labourer	75 The Fire Raiser
46 Ella Rosenberg	VOL. XXXIV.	13 Crazy Jane	76 The Golden Calf
47 The Two Friends	256 Presumptive Evidence	14 Flying Dutchman	77 Man-Fred
48 Valentine and Orson	257 Wild Oats	15 Yes!!!	78 Charcoal Burner
49 Folly as it flies	258 Hit or Miss	16 Fores' Oracle	79 "My Pol! and my Partner Joe"
VOL. XXVIII.	259 Ambition	17 Ivanhoe	80 The Sixes
50 The Robber's Wife	260 The Jew and the Doctor	18 Floating Beacon	81 Good-Looking Fellow [Moor
51 Magpie, or the Maid	261 The Knights of the Cross	19 Sylvana	82 The Wizard of the VOL. X.
52 Shakspeare's Early Days	262 Is he Jealous?	20 Tom Bowling	83 The Roof Scrambler
53 Point of Honour	263 Hundred Pound Note	21 Innkeeper of Abbeville	84 Diamond Arrow
54 High Ways and By-Ways	264 Rugantino	22 Lady of the Lake	85 Robber of the Rhine
55 The Ice Witch	265 The Steward, 1s.	23 Billy Taylor	86 Eugene Aram
56 St. Patrick's Day	VOL. XXXV.	24 Two Gregories	87 The Eddystone Elt
57 The Blind Bargain	266 Zarah	25 Wandering Boys	88 My Wife's Husband
58 Robinson Crusoe	267 The Miser	26 Paris and London	89 Married Bachelor
VOL. XXIX.	268 The Iron Chest, 1s.	27 A Day after the Fair	90 Shakspear's Festival
59 The Maid of Honour	269 The Romp	VOL. IV.	91 Van Dieman's Land
60 Sleeping Draught	270 Mountaineers, 1s.	28 Humphrey Clinker	92 Le Pauvre Jacques
61 Timour the Tartar	271 The Lottery Ticket	29 Mischief-Making	VOL. XI.
62 Modern Antiques	272 Nettlewig Hall	30 Joan of Arc	93 Rochester
63 King Richard II.	273 Quite at Home	31 The Ruffian Boy	94 The Ocean of Life
64 Mrs. Wiggins	274 Make your Wills	32 Fortunes of Nigel	95 An Uncle too many
65 Comfortable Lodgings	275 My Husband's Ghost	33 The Wreck	96 The Wild Man
66 The Exile, 1s.	VOL. XXXVI.	34 Every-body's Husband	97 Rover's Bride
67 Day after the Wedding	276 A Bold Stroke for a Husband	35 Banks of the Hudson	98 Beggar of Cripple-gate
68 The Adopted Child	277 Sylvester Dagger-	36 Guy Faux	99 Paul the Poacher
VOL. XXX.	278 Gil Blas [wood	VOL. V.	100 Thomas à Becker
69 The Bride of Ludgate, 1s.	279 Aladdin	37 The Devil's Ducat	101 The Pestilence of Marseilles
70 Tekeli	280 Blue Beard	38 Mazeppa	102 Unfortunate Miss Bailey
71 Old and Young	281 John Bull, 1s.	39 Mutiny at the Nore	VOL. XII.
72 The Bee Hive	282 The Invincibles	40 Pedlar's Acre	103 Humpbacked Love
73 Hartford Bridge	283 Malvina	41 "No!!!"	104 Bound 'Prentice to a Waterman
74 Two Strings to your Bow	284 The Review	42 Peveril of the Peak	105 March of Intellect
75 The Haunted Inn	285 Rob Roy	43 Thalaba	106 Joconde
76 How to grow Rich, 1s		44 Waverley	107 The Kœuba
77 Fortune's Frolic		45 Winning a Husband	108 Shipwreck of the Medusa
78 The Haunted Tower		VOL. VI.	109 Chain of Guilt
VOL. XXXI.		46 Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol	110 Ion
79 Killing no Murder		47 Paul Clifford	111 Mistletoe Bough
80 Mr. & Mrs. Pingle		48 Damon and Pythias	112 My Friend Thompson
81 The Antiquary 1s.		49 Three Hunchbacks	
82 Agreeable Surprise		50 Tower of Nesle	
83 Son-in-Law		51 Sworn at Highgate	
84 Open House		52 Mary Glastonbury	
85 Falls of Clyde		53 The Red Rover	
86 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, by Advertisement		54 Golden Farmer	
87 Peeping Tom of Coventry		VOL. VII.	
VOL. XXXII.		55 Grace Huntley	
88 Castles of Andalusians		56 "The Sea!"	
89 One o' Clock!		57 Clerk of Clerkenwell	
90 Julian, 1s.		58 The Hut of the Red Mountain	
		59 John Street, Adelphi	
		60 Lear of Private Life	
		61 John Overy	
	VOL. I. to XXXV.		VOL. I. to XI. may be
	may be had in boards,		had in boards
	Price £8. 11s. 6d.		Price £2. 16s.